Florida WILDLIFE

FISHING FLORIDA'S FRESH WATERS

BIG BUGS FOR BIG BASS

THE NUTRIA STORY

MAY, 1958

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS

FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S

Fishing Citation

"for that BIG ONE that DIDN'T get away"

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fly, spinning, or bait-casting tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Application for a Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation must be made within 10 days of the date fish was caught. Application must be made on the prescribed form as shown on this page. (Requests for additional forms should be addressed to: Florida Wildlife, Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.)

Citation, showing recorded data of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

The receipt of any and all photographs pertaining to the registered catch, including the applicant and the fish, will be appreciated by the editor for use in Florida Wildlife Magazine.

Florida Wildlife Fishing Citations are available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the following fresh-water game fish of the prescribed size requirements:

SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS ..... 8 pounds or larger

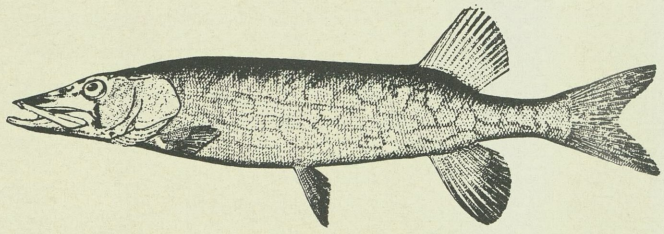
CHAIN PICKEREL ..... 4 pounds or larger

BLUEGILL (BREAM) ..... 1 ½ pounds or larger

SHELLCRACKER ..... 2 pounds or larger

BLACK CRAPPIE ..... 2 pounds or larger

RED BREAST ..... 1 pound or larger



CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE Date_____
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name_____ Address_____

Species of Fish_____ Weight_____ Length_____

Type of Tackle, Bait Used_____

Where Caught_____ Date_____

Catch Witnessed by_____

Registered, Weighed by _____ at_____

_____
(Signature of Applicant)

VOLUME 11 NO. 12

Florida WILDLIFE

MAY, 1958

★

Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

★

**Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, Protection of Our Game and Fish**

★

BILL HANSEN, Editor **MORRIE NAGGIAR, Associate Editor**

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WHITE-WINGED DOVE

Dear Sir:

In your March 1958 issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE, I noticed in "Around the State," a picture of a white-winged dove. For your information, I bagged one of these about 4 miles southeast of Marianna, Jackson County in October, 1957.

I enjoy your magazine very much and look forward to each new issue.

Francis M. Watson
Marianna, Fla.

MIAMI FISHING

Dear Sir:

As a subscriber, I will appreciate it if you will be good enough to advise me of the most promising bass fishing areas in the general vicinity of Miami, Florida. I am planning to be down there during the latter half of February.

Walter A. Krafft
Chicago, Illinois

● *Actually, Miami is sitting on the edge of a terrific bass fishing area. The only trouble with it is, it is very inaccessible to the average fisherman. I am speaking, of course, of the Everglades. However, the Tamiami Trail Canal running from Miami to Naples has excellent fishing and offers both fresh and salt water game fish in its various areas.*

Lake Okeechobee is only a short drive out of Miami on Route 27, and I can recommend this place very highly. On the east coast, the north and south forks of the St. Lucie River near Stuart are world-famous, and they can be reached from Miami by an hour and a half's drive via the new Sunshine Parkway.

Don't reserve that fresh water tackle completely for fresh water fish. Wonderful bonefish, tarpon, and snook fishing can be found in and about the waters of Miami. One way or the other, I hope you have a wonderful time.

Chuck Schilling
FW Fishing Editor

CLOSED SEASON

Dear Sir:

Find enclosed check for two years to the WILDLIFE. We all enjoy reading it and it is getting better all the time.

There is one thing I wish could be granted and that is to have closed season on fresh water fish as people catch the bedders. Then maybe there would be fish for the young sportsmen who are growing up now.

Mrs. R. E. Bowman
McDavid, Florida

● *Modern fisheries authorities agree that hook-and-line angling for most species of warm water game fishes will never seriously threaten the basic breeding stock in a body of water. The opposite condition, too little fishing pressure, is the common case with Florida ponds and lakes. Bluegills and other "spiny-rayed" fishes reproduce so rapidly that they are capable of overpopulating waters within a relatively short time if they are not controlled by natural enemies or otherwise. Our Fisheries Technicians, in restoring "fished out" waters, frequently find in a given body of water tremendous populations of fish that are stunted by lack of sufficient food resulting from overpopulation.*

THIS MONTH'S COVER

From deepest Everglades to the suburbs of Florida's largest cities, from the mangrove thickets of the Keys to the white sand beaches of the Panhandle, the raccoon is everywhere at home in the Sunshine State.

And wherever they move, raccoons leave the unmistakable notice of their passing in the form of the human-like "foot and hand" prints. At least a good part of the ringtail's success in life is related closely to its idea of what is fit to eat. If it is even remotely edible, whether plant or animal, chances are 'coons eat it.

Whether you call it mischievousness or just pure cussedness, the raccoon's curiosity and ever ready appetite sometimes put the 'coon at odds with humans. Just for example, it takes little imagination to picture the goings on when the anglers on this month's cover discover their fish fry makings are on the verge of disappearing.

WINDOW WONDERLAND

Dear Editor:

My husband and I sure enjoy your fine magazine every month. We both enjoy fishing and the outdoors.

"Fishing" written by Chuck Schilling is one of our favorites. Last summer we went camping in a few of our wonderful state parks and enjoyed it so very much. Thanks to your magazine for giving us the idea.

What ever became of "Window Wonderland" by Margo Hosford? Wish she would write for every issue. We who feed the birds would be so pleased to read her stories again.

Mrs. F. J. Paffe
St. Augustine, Florida

● *Another article of the Window Wonderland series is scheduled for the July Natural History issue of* FLORIDA WILDLIFE.

LAKE APOPKA

Gentlemen:

I am not a "Cracker" by birth, but still have plenty of sand in these old shoes, that I collected between the years of 1922 and 1934. At that time my home was at Apopka.

In the February issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE, just received, the first article that I turned to happened to be "For Better Fishing." I was very much shocked to learn of the condition of Lake Apopka.

I sincerely trust that the wonderful Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission of Florida now has, and can be proud of, can be successful in returning this grand old lake to the "Good Old Days" when bass were BASS. And I do not mean those little five pounders.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE is certainly "tops" from cover to cover; and what an improvement over the past few years.

Geo. F. Stewart
Cincinnati, Ohio

FRESH WATER FISH

Dear Editor:

I just now finished reading the first part of "Fishing Florida's Fresh Waters" in the April issue and was amazed to learn of the great variety of fish that can be caught here. The angler's check list will be with me on future fishing trips and I intend to look over my fish catches more carefully from now on, especially the smaller ones.

My father and I went fishing in Lake Apopka recently and each caught our limit of speckled perch. It has been a long time since I have seen so many boats on Apopka and everyone seemed to be catching fish.

Johnny Tyson
Orlando, Florida

SUPER INSECTICIDES—SPACE AGE POLLUTANTS

Reprinted from the SPORT FISHING INSTITUTE BULLETIN

A WHOLE NEW FAMILY of lethal insecticide sprays (chlorinated hydro-carbons) was developed during and since World War II. The public is already familiar with several. Perhaps the best known is DDT.

Some significant disasters in Nature have followed widespread use of this poison. An example was the repeated devastation of salmon and salmon foods by spraying DDT (for spruce budworm control) on the Miramichi River drainage in New Brunswick in 1954-1956. The streams were used as spray pattern boundaries and received deadly doses.

Another example was the unfortunate slaughter in 1955 of trout and trout foods in the Yellowstone National Park. By contrast some applications of DDT sprays for insect control elsewhere have served objectives while safeguarding fish resources.

But DDT is mild compared to Dieldrin or Heptachlor. These drastic poisons are being spread in massive doses over areas to exceed 20 million acres in the deep South. Purpose is to try to eradicate the imported fire ant.

Important as the purpose is, it is not important enough to risk destroying priceless fish and other wild life in at least five states. Apparent ignorance (lack of adequate research) and poor planning (disregard for other equally vital assets) seems responsible.

Plans of the U. S. Department of Agriculture are alarming. They call for application of two pounds of Dieldrin per acre of infested area in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and Mississippi. Arkansas, North Carolina, South Carolina, and perhaps Tennessee, may become involved. Alarm arises because Dieldrin is perhaps 20 times more toxic to fish and wildlife than DDT!

Therefore, two pounds of Dieldrin per acre represents a dosage possibly equal to 40 pounds per acre of DDT. Obviously, there will be vast destruction of fish, game, songbirds, beneficial insects, etc.

The catastrophic effects on aquatic life of Dieldrin may be appreciated from a report in THE JOURNAL OF WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT for January. It describes findings by ichthyologist Robert W. Harrington, Jr. and entomologist William L. Eidlingmayer, of the Florida State Board of Health's Entomological Research Center (Vero Beach).

These biologists assessed the damage from Dieldrin pellets to fish and invertebrates in the ditches of salt marshes along the Indian River, St. Lucie County, on the Florida east coast.

For several years, Dr. Harrington has been studying the role of fishes in keeping down the mosquito population in Florida's far-flung salt marshes. Incidentally, he encountered throughout the marshes numbers of tiny tarpon (tinier than any of previous record) feeding heavily on mosquito larvae.

Obviously, if wide-spread destruction of baby tarpon utilizing the salt marshes as nursery grounds should occur it would damage the Florida tourist economy. One possible further result might be a population explosion among the mosquitoes. Such an occurrence could make living in some sections of Florida rather uncomfortable at the least. . .

Harrington and Bidlingmayer report that Dieldrin pellets were air-disseminated at the rate of one pound per acre over some 2000 acres by county authorities in May, 1955. Purpose was to kill sand-fly larvae. This is the most extensive outdoor evaluation known to us of the effects of Dieldrin on aquatic life.

Altogether, 354,000 linear feet (about 67 miles) of ditches traverse these marshes. Prior to treatment they were heavily populated with fish life. The Dieldrin proved deadly. The biologists summarized their findings in part as follows:

The fish kill was substantially complete. The minimum immediate over-all kill throughout the marshes exclusive of the Indian River shore line . . . was 20-30 tons of fishes, or about 1,175,000 fishes, of at least 30 species.

Mollusks . . . seemed to be unharmed by Dieldrin. Crustaceans were virtually exterminated throughout the area. The entire aquatic crab population was apparently destroyed. . .

The large game and food fishes succumbed the soonest . . . Crabs set upon and destroyed the moribund fishes, but next day were dead themselves . . . After two weeks no trace remained of the litter of dead fishes.

The general absence of dead and dying fishes and the scarcity of living fishes in the marsh after two weeks and later suggests that much of the fish population commuting between the marsh and adjacent inshore shallows of Indian River was destroyed.

Information available since 1950 indicates the deadliness of Dieldrin to aquatic forms. An example is a 1953 article by W. Mathés and K. D. Quaterman in the AMERICAN JOURNAL OF TROPICAL MEDICINE AND HYGIENE on hydro-carbons as mosquito larvicides. Mathés and Quaterman concluded that Dieldrin applied at rates of ¼ to 3 pounds per acre is "decidedly harmful to fish and other aquatic organisms and *should never be applied in the above concentrations where these are of importance.*" (Italics ours.)

And run-off water from areas treated with Dieldrin may be toxic many weeks later. U. S. Public Health Service scientists C. M. Tarzwell and C. Henderson

(Continued on Page 38)

FISHING

By CHUCK SCHILLING

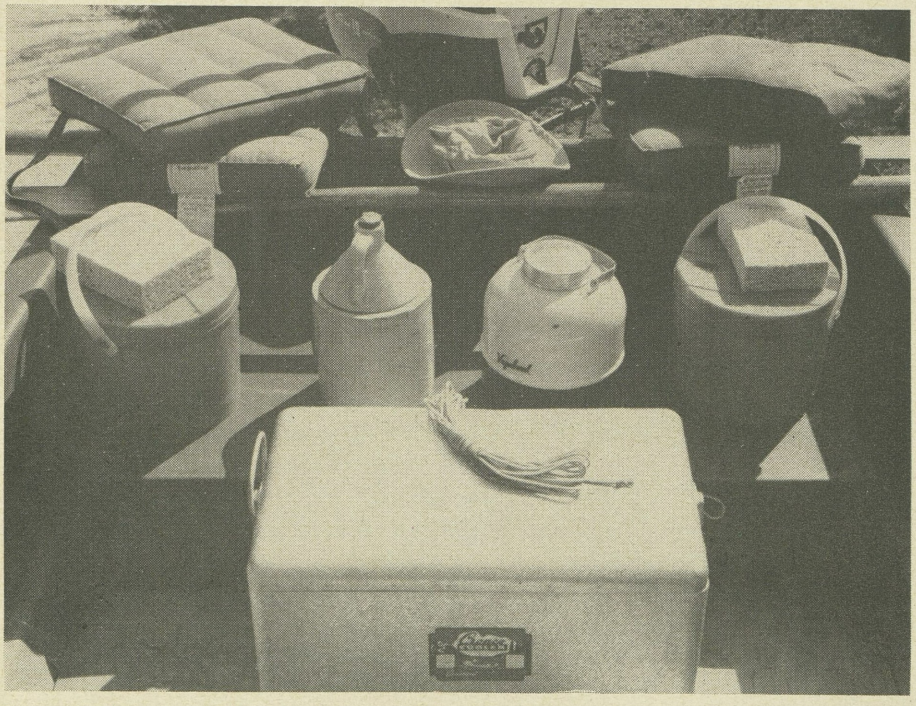
I HAVE SEEN FISHERMEN in outboard boats do things that were downright suicidal and, before the putt-putt clan gets too offended, let me hasten to add that inboard skippers are sometimes just as guilty. For simplicity in this piece, however, let's stick to outboard powered boats.

Sports fishermen have taken to the sea in small boats like ducks taking to a barnyard pond. The modern, dependable, outboard motor, and new designs and materials in small boats have made this mass movement to the deep almost inevitable. This is good. The only thing deplorable about it is the growing number of fishermen who are losing their lives because they refuse to face plain facts about deep water.

Any time you take your small boat to the open sea, you are taking a calculated risk of your life. The amount of risk is determined by the kind of equipment you have, the condition it's in, how experienced you are using it, and how sound your judgment and common sense are.

The sea is often called cruel, but I think this is a misnomer. The sea is neither cruel nor merciful; it is only indifferent. The rules of the sea are simple enough—the danger is always there. The trouble lies in careless boatmen trying to ignore these things. It just won't do, and the penalty ofttimes is death.

Every time you go to sea in your small boat, you are faced with three major possibilities for trouble and danger. Your boat can catch on fire, it can capsize or swamp, and it can have a power failure. If you want to play it safe, you will be basically prepared for all three eventualities. Being prepared calls for equipment to handle these emergencies. For my own part, I have assembled a survival kit that stays in my boat at all times. I hope I never have to use it, but I sure want it to be handy if the need ever arises.



Here is a minimum of survival gear for small boats going to deep water. Actually, I carry more than this on some occasions, but this is the basic kit.

I suppose fire is the least probable of the emergencies that might happen, but it is far from impossible. I had a motor catch on fire a couple years ago and, luckily, had a friend on board who immediately smothered the blazing motor with a square of canvas. Fire can happen, and the best protection is a good fire extinguisher. Since my own experience, I prefer the C. O. Two unit that is especially good for gasoline blazes, although carbon tetrachloride is, also, recommended. For those not wanting to carry such a big unit, there are small carbon tet extinguishers the size of a can of beans; but one way or the other, it's smart to carry a fire extinguisher. Carry it where it's handy and instantly available.

Those of us who venture into the open sea or Gulf with our small boats must face the possibility that we someday may upset, swamp, or otherwise be left with a boat awash. A big wave can easily swamp a small boat, especially if the boat gets caught broadside in a trough, but a much more real danger is in having the boat fill up with water over the gunwales or transom thru a series of short waves that each splash some water aboard. This requires bailing.

I am amazed at the hundreds of boats that go offshore without a real means of getting water over the side. The drain plugs in the transom will do you little good in rough water or if your motor is conked out. Many boats carry no bailers at all. This is sheer madness. When all is said and done, the most efficient bailing device is a good bucket. It will put more water overside than any other bailing device, with the possible exception of a heavy-duty, high-powered pump. I, personaly, like plastic buckets for this purpose, and I have two of them of 12-quart size. These have good, sturdy, plastic handles, and the softness of the material makes the buckets fit the contours of the boat far better than metal ones. It would take an awful lot of water to swamp any small boat that had two persons aboard wielding a pair of these buckets. My buckets have tight fitting lids that make them ideal for storing gear, lunch, or extra clothing when they are not in use as bailers. The plastic material, also, is free of rust and makes no racket to scare the fish.

I, also, carry two big fiber sponges in the boat for minor bailing purposes. Unless you have used these, you have no idea how much water they can soak up.

If you should capsize or swamp, will your boat float? I know the maker said it would, but have you tried it? I suggest you do so. Use a couple of concrete blocks to equal the weight of your motor and put them in the back of the boat in the normal, motor position. Then, in shallow water, fill her up. You may be surprised. If it doesn't float, it could easily be a death trap for you on some future unlucky day. However, if your boat won't float full of water, there are several things you can do to remedy the situation. Styrofoam under the floor boards or in blocks under the seats can do a lot. Air chambers under the transom and decks can, also, be a big help. Just fastening your gas can or cans down to the floor boards so they can't float free will give you additional buoyancy. If none of these remedies keep your boat afloat when filled with water, get rid of it—it's not for you.

If you ever find yourself in a swamped boat, remember to stay with it. Most lives are lost when people leave their boats for one reason or another. Use your energy in getting your craft afloat again. It can be done even under the most trying circumstances. Use your life preserver pillows to help buoy the boat and work hard with the buckets to bail it out. Tying the pillows to the boat will prevent them from floating away and, in the final analysis, your life may depend on having them.

Generally speaking, you can survive any bad weather you are likely to encounter, even if you are swamped, if you have a boat that will float and if you will use your head by staying with it.

Those of us who take small boats to sea are, also, flirting with being adrift without power. This danger is very real. Outboard motors today are just as dependable as automobile or marine engines, but these, also, fail at times. Almost all motor failures are caused by lack of maintenance or improper handling, but if the motor conks out for any reason at all, you may find yourself in a fix. Your greatest safety in such a predicament is your precaution in having told someone where you were going and when you expected to come back. It's surprising how few people take this simple safety measure. If you are missed quickly, your chances of rescue are greatly increased. A spare motor is good insurance against motor failure, but even this can sometimes not prevent being adrift.

If you do find yourself adrift, it's possible you won't be found for several days, perhaps even a week. Could you survive under such conditions? It would not be easy, but with some basic equipment aboard, you would greatly increase your chances of being found while giving yourself a chance to weather the elements.

In my boat, I carry signaling devices for both day and nighttime use. A small boat is very hard to spot in the immensity of the sea from the air or from another boat. It's up to you to attract the attention of others. I carry a good electric lantern with a sealed-beam lens and an automatic red flasher. I have a flare gun and six signal cartridges. My kit includes

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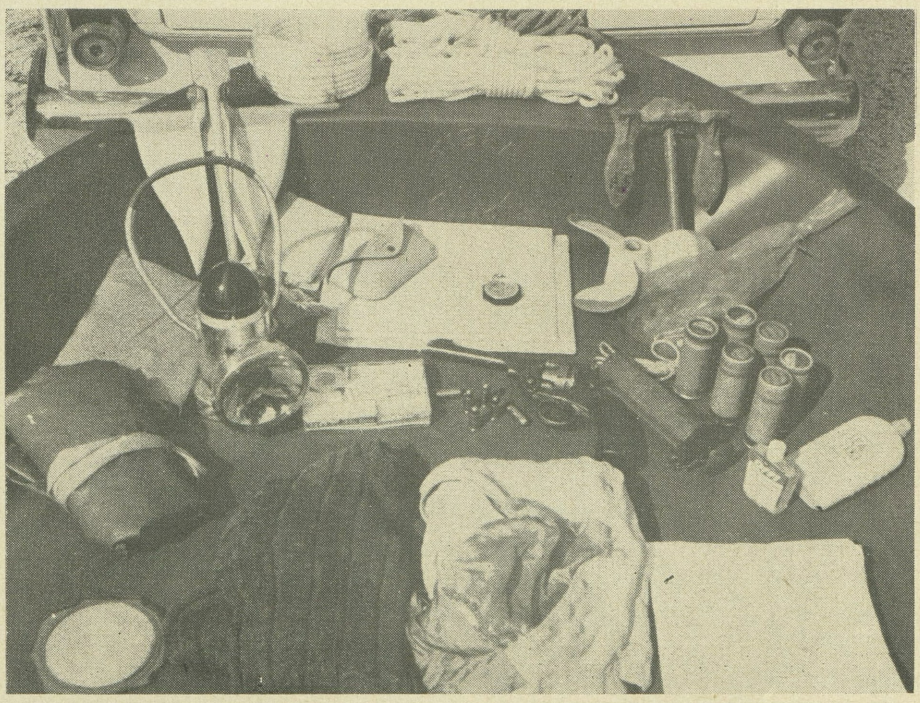

The small items will fit nicely into the lockers under the seat. The other gear, too bulky for the locker space, goes between the seat and transom.

JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

THE JUNIOR CONSERVATION CLUB League Board of Directors held its quarterly meeting at the youth Conservation Camp, Lake Eaton, on March 9, 1958. The meeting was called to order at 10:20 A.M. by John Collins of Stuart, President.

Members of the Official Board present were: Tommy Christopher of Stuart, Vice President; Directors —Tommy Etheridge of Panama City, Earl DeBary of Ocala, Paul Rogers of St. Petersburg, and Sam Higgins, Jr. of Ft. Lauderdale. Also present were Denver Ste. Claire, Supervisor of Youth Conservation Education for the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Mr. Sam Higgings, Sr., of Ft. Lauderdale, Bill Byrd of Panama City, and a guest from Stuart. Members of the Official Board absent were: Tom Mawhinney of Hialeah, Treasurer; Bill Bays, newly appointed Secretary; and Rufus Blanton, Director from Shady Grove.

The Treasurer's Report was given. It was reported that the balance in the Junior Conservation Club League Treasury is $133.21. Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

We were quite concerned that we did not receive more nominations for Junior Conservationist of 1957. The Board, however, voted that the Junior Conservationist be chosen from reports already sent in. Announcement will be made in this article.

Tag Day, which was March 22, 1958, was discussed by the Board. It was decided that a plaque be presented to the outstanding club during Tag Day. This presentation will be made at the Annual Banquet which will be held in June. Tags were distributed to clubs represented at the meeting. Deane Mather Wildlife Club, Ocala — 1,500 tags; Ft. Lauderdale Junior Anglers Club — 1,500; Boys Conservation Club of Bay County and Bay County All Girls Conservation Club of Panama City — 3,250; Stuart Jr. Conservation Club, 2,000; and St. Petersburg Junior Rod and Gun Club — 2,500. Other clubs throughout the state received their tags by mail. A total of 15,000 tags were distributed for our Tag Day.

The Order of the Florida Wildlife Conservationist was discussed. As most of you know, this is a society which has been set up as part of the program at the Youth Conservation Camp. There are seven degrees in this order. The Board decided that certificates should be presented at camp upon completion of the various degrees. This would give the camper something to show for his efforts.

The Board recommended that all transactions with the International Optimist Club of District No. 4 to complete a Youth Conservation Camp in the southern part of Florida be completed as soon as possible.

It was voted that the Annual Meeting of all club delegates and the Board of Directors be held June 13, 14, and 15, 1958. Hereafter, all delegate meetings will be held in the city of the outgoing president. The meeting will be held this year in Stuart.

The new bulletin, "The Conservation Wheel," was approved by the Board.

Due to no further business the meeting was adjourned at 2:15 P.M.

****

Mr. Al King, owner of King's Fishing Camp in Ft. Lauderdale, has offered to donate five fishing boats to the Youth Conservation Camp. This will certainly help us a great deal with our fishing and boating program at camp this year and we are grateful to Mr. King for his donation.

We have also secured two boats from the Fish Management Division of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission at the Leesburg Office.

With these seven boats and any others that we obtain between now and the opening of camp, we will have the best boating and fishing program ever offered at the Youth Conservation Camp.

****

CLUB NEWS

Allapattah Optimist Junior Conservation Club — We understand from Lloyd Johnson, Secretary of this club, that they are planning a weekend campout at Fisheating Creek. We also understand that Mr. Herb Mayhew, Advisor for the club, has donated some power tools to the boys.

Junior Everglades Conservation Squadron of Hialeah — Ed Cuccio reports that members of this club recently held a camp-out in the Keys. They have also planned and completed several trips to the shooting range.

Pahokee Junior Wildlife Club — Junior Deas, who is Secretary for the club, says that 12 old members of the club who had dropped out made application to join the club again. We understand the club now owns its own truck.

Palatka Junior Wildlife Club — Mr. Bunell from the Welaka Fish Hatchery gave a talk to the members of the Palatka Club on fishing problems, fishing in general, and fish poisoning. Micheal Rigdon, secretary, has been doing a fine job of sending in reports.

Shady Grove Junior Wildlife Club — Rufus Blanton reports that Mr. Mac Cook, Wildlife Officer, gave a talk on wood ducks to members of the club. They also had films, "Our Heritage" and "Know Your Wildlife".

— The Stuart Club is at the present time one of the most active in the state. At one of their recent meetings, Mr. Earl Hall gave a talk on ropes and demonstrated knots and splices. Mr. Kindred gave a talk on Conservation and demonstrated many types of fishing tackle.

****

The Junior Conservationist of 1957 has been named. He is Bill Bays of the Leesburg Junior Wildlife Club, Leesburg. Bill has also been recently appointed to fill the position of Secretary of the Junior Conservation Club League until annual elections this June. We congratulate Bill at this time and sincerely hope that he will continue to complete Merit Point Projects and at the same time become more aware of the need for Conservation. This award will be presented to Bill at the Annual Banquet in June.

****

Preparations for this summers' encampment are now underway. Mr. Kenan, Camp Custodian, has been busy fixing things. Benches, tables, sinks, and window sills have been painted. New benches have been built for the mess hall and several

(Continued on Page 41)

The Club That Found A Way

By JACK COLLINS, President
Florida Junior Conservation League

THIS SHORT ARTICLE has been written for the FLORIDA WILDLIFE Magazine through the cooperation of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, and with the assistance of Robert Gottron, Conservation Chairman, Stuart Junior Chamber of Commerce, our official sponsor, in order that throughout the State, Junior Conservation Clubs may benefit from the long struggle for survival of the Stuart Junior Conservation Club.

Drawing up a charter in 1954, the Stuart club rose to its heights and fell. This irregular pattern continued through 1955, 1956, and into 1957, by which time the membership had been reduced to, and dependant upon two remaining, stalwart members. It was felt by the two remaining members that adult help was needed to get the club back on its feet. With this thought in mind, they approached the State Co-ordinator of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Fred Sturges, for both assistance and advice. Through the efforts of Mr. Sturges the club obtained sponsorship from the local Stuart Junior Chamber of Commerce. With enthusiastic assistance and moral support of the Stuart Jaycees, the membership of the Stuart Junior Conservation Club was increased to twenty-eight members. With a little money in the treasury, increasing membership, and concrete plans for the future, the Stuart Junior Conservation Club was on the road to a fine recovery.

An adequate meeting place was obtained, guest speakers were invited to take part in Club meetings and put on programs and to also instruct in such fields as parliamentary procedure, fly casting, how to tie flies, Red Cross first aid, and gun handling.

Wildlife Officer Pick Woodward, and Saltwater Conservation Agent Roland "Boots" Byrd, at the outset were instrumental with the recovery of this Club by planning camping and fishing trips for the members. A minimum of week-end outing a month is planned.

With the growth in membership plus the added interested and help received from our sponsors, the Stuart Jaycees, we have been able to plan for the future and undertake successfully such projects as our Thanksgiving Shoot, enjoyed by the Community, and netting our Club $80.00.

In December, twenty members went on a week-end camping trip and had a lot of fun swimming, cooking, fishing, learning something about the outdoors, and putting into practice good conservation habits. The highlight of this trip was capturing a wild pig, climaxed by a meal fit for a king, prepared by the King's chef, himself, Wildlife Pick Woodward. There is only one way to learn and appreciate the great outdoors and that is to go outdoors on such field trips as this. From reports of all the fun the members had on

(Continued on Next Page)

Photo by Lee Higbee

Tommy Christopher, President of the Stuart Junior Conservation Club, discusses target rifle with club members. Left to right: Vice President Wayne Kajander, Mickey Chason, Douglas Funk, Christopher, Treasurer Glen Eckley, Secretary Robert Routa.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

this last trip, it is likely that there will be twice as many the next time we take to the woods for a week-end.

It soon became apparent that our club needed more money to do the many things we wanted to do such as buy uniforms for our members and needed camping equipment. The club voted to put on a community fish-fry and sell tickets for $1.00. To make ticket selling worth-while, other than being able to do something for the Club, prizes consisting of such camping equipment as a Coleman lantern, and air matress, and a knife were given to the one selling the most tickets, and the two runner-ups. One member sold $88.00 worth of tickets. This salesmanship ability of the Stuart members increased the Club's net worth an additional $250.00, our profit from the fish-fry.

The officers of the Club, with the assistance of the Stuart Jaycees, are planning a full summer's program of activities and projects which include purchasing more camping equipment, getting more members, more interest and work for points and the several League awards, participation and instruction through the Hunter Safety Program, and closer cooperation and competition with the Boy Scouts.

We have set our sights for sixty members by the end of June, all in uniforms, and to start club visitations in this part of the State. We have already made visitations to clubs in this Region.

The credit for our Club's success is due to our big brothers, our sponsors, the Stuart Junior Chamber of Commerce, and in particular, Jaycees Fred "Cotton" Rogers, Louis Brown, Bob Gottron, and Fred Sturges, who is also with the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission to whom we are deeply indebted, acknowledging not only Mr. Sturges' interest but also Wildlife Officer Woodward, and Saltwater Agent Byrd of the State Board of Conservation. ●

FLORIDA CLUB NEWS

Federation Notes

By CHARLES WATERMAN

As the Sportman's Clubs Awards Program for 1957 closed its first year of effort with the Governor's Awards Banquet at the Duval Hotel in Tallahassee, all in attendance were in agreement that this program was, beyond doubt, the best contribution to conservation ever produced by the Florida Wildlife Federation.

Among the many state and national notables, besides Governor Collins who presented the awards, attending were W. C. Greenway, assistant director of the Sears-Roebuck Foundation, Atlanta; Harry Osgood, from the public relations division of Sears-Roebuck, Chicago, both of whom expressed great satisfaction with the results of the program which was so generously sponsored by the Sears-Roebuck Foundation. Others present were A. D. Aldrich and Earl Frye, director and assistant director of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission; Robert Dahne, chief of information and education, Game Commission; Ernest Mitts and Robert Ingle, director and assistant director, State Board of Conservation; Huxley Coulter, State Forester; Edwin Moore, chief of information and education, State Board of Forestry; L. M. Hollingsworth, secretary, State Soil Conservation Board; John Herbert and Colin Gunn, of the State Department of Agriculture dealing with extension service; the complete staff of officers of the Florida Wildlife Federation; representatives of Florida Outdoor Writers Association, and the state press, many of whom received awards for outstanding service.

These 100 outstanding conservationists of the State of Florida heard reports of moderate modifications for the Awards Program to be inaugurated in 1958. They heard of the organization of the Florida Conservation Fund under a trusteeship to govern this fund in its 100% educational enterprise. Two of the trustees present were Sidney Chase, of Sanford, and H. R. Wilber of DeLand. The third, Stanley Taylor of Daytona Beach, was unable to attend because of a previous engagement. The Federation has at hand a myriad of congratulatory letters from those present expressing their extreme appreciation of the year's endeavor and that the program might continue on and on.

Information and Education Scholarships

The final drafting of curriculi for scholars attempting education in the category of information and education personnel for natural resource facilities in the State of Florida is partially complete. Decision has been reached to offer these scholarships in the junior and senior years of college only, thereby permitting earlier maturation of the scholars and making it possible to educate twice as many as though all four years were subsidized.

The Winn-Dixie Foundation has expressed an inability to completely subsidize any particular portion of the program but has expressed the idea of augmenting scholarships to the men already participating in the existing program should they apply for and be granted scholarships from Winn-Dixie.

In order to completely assure the success of these ramifications of the educational program of the Florida Conservation Fund any and all contributions which any club may make or causes to be made by interested groups, industries or individuals will be most gratefully received and publicly honored.

National Wildlife Federation Meeting

H. R. Wilber, Florida Wildlife Federation president and representative to the national meeting has returned from this meeting and the North American Wildlife Conference, both held in St. Louis, Mo. Never has so much good come out of a National Federation meeting held in conjunction with the Wildlife Conference as at the 1958 session. So astounding as to be almost unbelievable were announcements received concerning cooperation of Congress, Department of Interior, Fish and Wildlife Service, etc. Not the least among these was the announcement of the signing of the Military Lands Bill by the President.

The recommendation of the Bureau of the Budget that 100% of Duck Stamp funds be allocated to land procurement programs and the stamps for wildlife be increased to $3.00 will be gratifying to sportsmen who know of this change of heart so evidenced by the Federal Government in the last few years and so publicly announced by Fred A. Seaton, Secretary of the Interior as he explained to all assembled that the period of uncertainty concerning wildlife efforts was over so far as the Department of the Interior was concerned.

The most obviously well accepted program of the North American Wildlife Conference proved to be the program concerning a cooperative program between the youth conservation interests of the United States when leaders in Boy Scouts, Four-H Clubs, Future Farmers of America and U. S. Soil Conservation District Programs movements of the United States spoke at a forum.

It will be a matter of pride to you to know that the Florida Wildlife program was mentioned by these people of national stature upon hearing of the Federation's endeavor and we were cited as an example for all to follow.

Bumper Strip Program

Bumper strips carrying two captions: "Let's Go Fishing" and "Join Your Local Sportsmen's Club" are available at the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission Offices in Tallahassee. These are available for the asking by any Florida Wildlife Federation Group. It is suggested that local clubs obtain these strips as soon as possible for distribution in your localities and there is no obligation whatsoever. In order to continue production of these bumper strips we suggest that clubs ask for donations from recipients of strips in any amount that they desire and that ten cents per strip be returned to the Federation offices in order that these strips may be reordered for use another year, the balance of the monies received to be retained by the local club to be used in their regular programs or for the payment of Federation dues, etc. Some clubs are asking as much as $100 per strips, others as little as 25 cents. Your full cooperation will be appreciated.

Send copies of your letter for bumper strip orders to Robert Dahne, Chief, Information and Education, Game Commission; and to the Florida Wildlife Federation State Office, 112 W. Indiana Ave., Room L-5, DeLand.

Field Trial

The Everglades Field Trial Club held their annual field trial in February in the feeder area of the Cecil Webb Quail Area in Charlotte County. Trial manager was Bill Windsor with judges being Dr. H. R. Wilber, Federation President, and C. R. Menzies, of Tampa.

The excellence of these grounds for field trial use cannot be overemphasized by the fact that 106 covies of quail were produced during which three days of high winds and extremely wet conditions prevailed. This area is available to other bird dog clubs of the state and should be used more often as it is one of the best in the United States.

Outstanding accomplishment of the trial was produced by Tom Stewart's Everglades Sam. This derby-aged dog firmly won both the open shooting dog stake and the amateur's derby with performances that would look great in trials of much greater dimensions. The shooting dog stake was won by Georgia Sport under the tutelage of DeWitt Sinclair. The trial was reported for the American Field Magazine by Hal Davis, of Ocala, and the intimate report may be read therein.

As one witnesses trials of the caliber held in Lake City and on the Cecil Webb area, I can only wonder at great length why the interest in such is not much more widely engaged in in the State of Florida.

1958 Annual Meeting

Remember it is the aim of the Federation in 1958 to produce a Pilgrimage to our annual meeting the weekend of September 14 in Tallahassee that well may have a part in preserving the excellence of the program of the Game Commission of Florida and at the same time help us all become more closely acquainted with the other departments of conservation of natural resources housed in our State capital. It will be the aim of the officers to have a program for the state meeting in your hands early in August and such can be easily done if the clubs will cooperate in the function of obtaining the advertising so necessary in the publication of this program which has been so excellent the past three or four years. ●

ATTENTION

The second installment of the six part series "Fishing Florida's Fresh Waters," originally scheduled to appear in this issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE, will be carried in the June issue.

RAISING NUTRIAS in CAPTIVITY

from the
NATIONAL BETTER BUSINESS BUREAU, INC.
Periodical No. 1602

At first sight, a nutria on land looks like a stunted beaver with a messy fur coat, rat-like tail.

THE NUTRIA, around which all this promotion centers, is a native of South America. It masquerades under many aliases—swamp beaver, round-tail beaver, and South American beaver. All are quite misleading. It is a rat, the largest of its kind, and the scientific name is **Myocastor coypus.**

At first sight, a nutria on land looks like a stunted beaver with a messy fur coat. Its head is short, its ears round, and long whiskers sprout all around the mouth. Full grown it weighs up to 25 pounds. This furry rodent inhabits fresh water streams, ponds and lakes, also marshes having an abundance of aquatic plants, which it eats. To the early Spaniards who discovered South America, this animal looked like a form of European otter, so they dubbed it "nutria," the Spanish word for otter.

Although the nutria resembles the muskrat and the beaver, few people in our country have ever seen a nutria or know anything about its habits or its fur value. Certainly nutria fur is not a familiar commodity to our present-day women shoppers. This makes it quite easy for high-pressure promoters to sell nutrias as a back yard "get-rich-quick" scheme to the gullible.

Raising nutrias in pens, however, is not a new venture, for it has been of extensive interest and of a speculative nature for the past 35 years. Its history is a repetition of the chinchilla, and many other species of animals having an attractive fur. It is, therefore, particularly important that prospective investors in nutria raising should have a background of basic information about the production of nutrias in captivity and the market for the fur **before** investing.

Although the sincere and honest element in the nutria fur farming business undoubtedly endeavors to stick to the facts, some promoters are misrepresenting various aspects of nutria raising. For example, claims that a pair of nutrias is "worth" $1,000, that a pen costs $18, that feed, handling and overhead costs less than 3 cents a day, that pelts are worth as much as $75 each, that nutrias are disease-resistant, that nutria fur garments are available at all first class stores, that the reason nutria fur has not been more popular is that the fur industry has not been able to secure enough raw pelts, that nutria is in unlimited demand, and that the demand is up and the supply is down, are all false, according to authorities consulted by NBBB.

The promise to buy back the progeny has been a leading come-on. The only sale for the breeding stock at fabulous prices is in inducing other beginners to take them. This transaction is sometimes possible at the beginning of a "boom" and sometimes it is not.

During each nutria "boom" that has hit this country—we have had at least three—when the first shipment of pelts from nutrias raised in captivity arrived in the raw fur markets, nutria farming began to decline in each instance. The size and quality of these skins were so inferior to those taken in the wild and the prices received for the fur were so disappointing that many breeders abandoned the venture immediately and others followed gradually.

While currently some reputable nutria producers—aware of the necessity for establishing a firm market for quality pelts, if the business is to become profitably established in the fur industry—are undoubtedly striving to improve the quality of breeding stock toward this end, it still remains to be seen whether high quality domestic pelts can be produced in quantity to attract favor on the market at prices high enough to assure profitable production in captivity.

The latest fur animal "boom," raising nutrias, is widespread and growing. This report is designed neither to recommend nor to deprecate nutria raising as an investment proposition. Its sole purpose is to provide a background of facts, for inquirers about this highly specialized and speculative enterprise.

Nutria feeding activity not infrequently results in serious damage to farm crops, waterfowl food.

Today, the chance for profitable production of nutria fur in captivity is much less because of the unsatisfactory economic conditions in our domestic fur industry, and there is considerable competition from wild-caught skins.

The claim is made by some promoters that they have developed natural nutria mutations—Black, White, Sand, Pastel, and Champagne. While a beginning may have been made in this direction, no such furs in commercial quantities have been offered in the raw fur market. Chances are it will be a long time before unusual variations of nutria fur appear in quantity in our domestic fur trade. Few natural nutria mutations have been developed, and it is probable that the promoters will sell these animals at fabulous prices rather than pelt them and offer the furs for sale.

Not to be outdone, however, some promoters take reprints of nutria fur garment photographs appearing in national magazines and newspapers, selecting those garments made of blonde and neutral shades. At present, such fur wraps are not made of natural mutation nutrias produced on farms, however, but of furs trapped in the marshes of Louisiana and South America. They have been given the "new look" by fur dressers and dyers through shearing and clipping and by dyeing in glamorous new colors.

This misuse of illustrations succeeds in fooling the unsuspecting public to believe that these garments are made of mutation nutria furs produced in pens on farms. It is pertinent at this point to note that a natural brown nutria can be plucked, bleached, and dyed any color of the rainbow for a few dollars.

By-Products

Prospective investors are told that they must not overlook the possibilities of the by-products. According to some of the promoters, there has been a use found for nearly the entire animal—the mustache is used in making high quality brushes; the guard hairs in the manufacture of felt hats; the teeth, which are "pure ivory" in costume "made-to-order" jewelry; the meat of the nutria is edible and considered a delicacy in South America and is being demanded in the United States. Whether these "possibilities" are ever realized is in the realm of sheer speculation, since no commercial market now exists for nutria by-products.

It must be understood that fur animals are raised in captivity primarily for the fur produced, and the sale of breeding animals is a secondary consideration. The nutria should be no exception to this rule.

Promoting the sale of nutria breeding stock as the **sole** objective, is largely in the nature of a "get-rich-quick" scheme and many are engaged in this business with such a purpose in mind.

Today, there are some in the nutria business who realize that pelts must be produced for the fur market. Such promoters are undoubtedly striving hard to improve the quality of their nutria breeding stock and are trying to get their enterprise established on a profitable market pelt basis. They, too, undoubtedly deprecate the fantastic claims for profit which have been publicized by unscrupulous promoters interested only in selling high-priced breeding stock often of doubtful fur quality to the unsuspecting public. There are, however, many others who do not seem to understand that profitable results in fur production cannot be achieved merely by organizing breeders and sales organizations. The basic factor which they seem to ignore is that there must be a sound commodity for which a profitable market is available, namely nutria fur.

Demand For Nutria Fur

Some promoters have represented that the demand for nutria pelts is unlimited, and that nutria apparel is priced "second only to mink." This is to demonstrate to the gullible that there exists a stable and regular

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Louisiana trapper stands beside his day's take of nutria pelts, case skinned and drying on the stretchers. Trappers seldom realize more than $1.50 for pelts.

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market for nutria fur at a high price. In order to obtain factual information on the current consumer demand for nutria fur coats as reflected by the availability of such coats in the retail markets, the National Better Business Bureau recently requested the local Better Business Bureaus in the United States and Canada to make a survey of the fur specialty shops and department stores. Here are the results:

Today, the demand for nutria fur is slight. It is comparatively unknown in many sections of the country, and a large majority of the retail establishments contacted are not stocking nutria apparel, and have not done so for 7 to 10 years. Only very few stores had any nutria garments on hand. Some stores also reported that it was rare indeed to receive an order for a nutria coat, but when this occurred, it was passed on to a fur manufacturer in New York to supply the coat. At present, the vogue is for small furs —neck pieces, stoles, and capes— but nutria is not adaptable to small fur pieces.

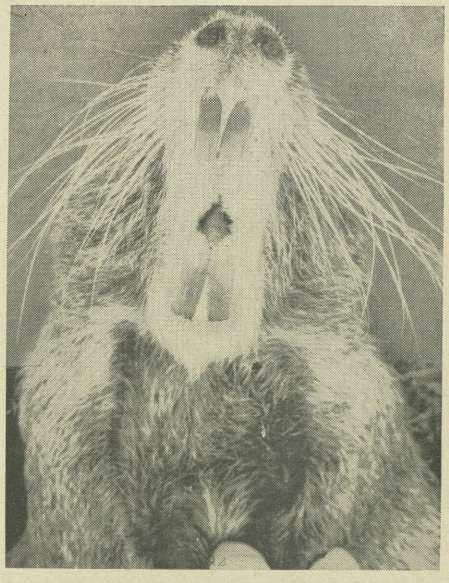
The demand for nutria is so limited in the United States, that about 65% to 70% is exported to Europe. The reason for this is that the processing of these skins is about 60% cheaper in all European countries than it is here. Were it not for the existing outlet to Europe, the domestic nutria market would be glutted, and the prices would decline still further from the present low ones.

Nevertheless, unscrupulous promoters in the field are careful to conceal these important factors from prospective investors. They claim the demand for nutria fur is "unlimited," that raising nutrias is a veritable gold mine, that it will make you rich and independent. They make unrealistic statements about the value of breeding stock, reproduction, number raised to maturity, and prices paid for raw furs and manufactured garments.

Novices who inquire about nutria raising have the notion that they can build pens, put in the animals, feed them occasionally, and then once a year collect a profit from the pelts produced. Some people hopefully believe that without any previous animal experience success will be forthcoming in a venture that the informed know is probably doomed to failure. Even if it were a profitable business to raise nutrias under artificially imposed conditions, some experience in the field of animal production would be essential.

A breeder of fur animals must possess or must acquire a close conception of the important factors involved in breeding. He is interested in breed improvement and concentrates his efforts mainly on increasing prolificacy and quality in his breeding stock. Never does he lose sight of the fact that fur animals are bred and raised primarily for the fur produced, and that the sale of breeding animals is a secondary consideration. No breeders of fur animals ever exist on an income derived solely from the legitimate sale of breeding stock.

"In my humble opinion," says Joseph Shulof, of Shulof and Company, New York fur merchant who has handled raw and dressed nutria for 33 years, "any claim that raising nutrias in captivity is a profitable fur-producing business is grossly exaggerated. Frankly, we doubt if anyone would reap a profit or even get back his original innvestment from such a venture. Certainly it must cost more to house, feed, handle, and pelt these animals than one can obtain from the furs produced, for the average price obtained in Louisiana for raw pelts during this past season was $1.25 to $1.50 per skin. Surely, no fur tradesmen are paying $30.00 to $75.00 for nutria

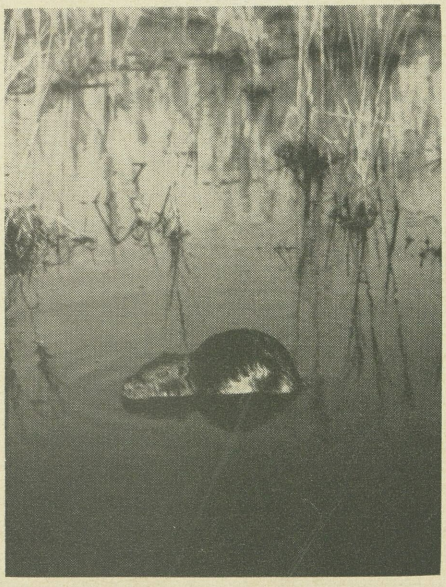


Head-on-view of the nutria is no more attractive than any other aspect of the big rodent. Note the four prominent incisors, the wide hairy lips, and the small mouth.

skins, as is claimed by promoters, no matter how selected or how fine a quality, color, and size. I doubt very much if even $20.00 could be obtained for the finest selected and processed South American wild nutria pelt. No mutations of nutrias, either from wild or produced in captivity, have been marketed commercially."

Albert Tanzer, a pioneer experimenter in raising nutrias in captivity, has handled nutria skins for more than 40 years and is considered an expert. Tanzer says that some prospective investors had been led to believe that the nutrias they purchased from promoters would produce pelts worth $50 to $75 in the open market. The facts are, he says, that the finest wild nutria from South America brings $7 per pelt there in the raw state. When dressed and matched here, these finest South American skins command a price of $16.00 to $18.00.

Promoters are selling live nutrias for as much as $1,200 per pair, whereas, says Tanzer, the finest animals are not, and never were worth more than $150 per pair. Tanzer estimates that the ranch-raised furs he has examined are valued at from 50c to $4.00, and very few at the $4.00 price.



In some manner the Spaniards who first encountered the animals in South America confused the aquatic rat with the unrelated otter, hence the common name nutria — Spanish for otter.

Depending upon the nature of the site, nutria may dwell in bank burrows or in lodges such as this one. The house is a mound of matted vegetation similar to that constructed by muskrats.

In the marsh areas, nutrias get their food for free, but in captivity it must be procured and fed to them. Shelter, water, and escape-proof pens must also be supplied. A basic question for prospective investors, says Tanzer, is how can the production of nutria fur in pens compete with the production in the wild, when the cost of equipment, feed, and labor exceeds the price obtained for the fur?

Promoters of nutria raising strongly stress "mutations" and claim to be producing a variety of colors; furthermore, they lead prospective breeders to believe that pelts produced by such animals are worth from $75 to $100 each. Tanzer points out that fur processors can bleach nutria furs and produce practically any shade on brown nutria for a fraction of the price claimed for "natural mutations."

Population Tremendous

R. K. Yancey, Acting Chief of the Fur and Refuge Division of the Wildlife and Fisheries Commission of the State of Louisiana, has advised NBBB as follows:

"It is our considered opinion that it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to pen-rear nutria and make a profit from the pelts. We have a tremendous nutria population in our coastal marshes at this time and the prices received by the trappers for the pelts offer little encouragement even for maximum trapping. Here in Louisiana where everyone is familiar with the nutria situation we do not have any breeders who are attempting to rear nutria for pelts as a business venture. If a better price could be obtained for the pelts we feel sure that an annual yield of over one million nutria could be derived from our coastal marshes."

Auction Houses

The auction companies selling raw furs are receiving numerous requests regarding the possibilities of raising nutrias profitably in pens. The New York Auction Company reports that no ranch-raised nutria pelts have been handled by them, so that at the moment they have no knowledge of the fur value of such skins nor any ideas regarding the future of this product. The only nutria furs graded and sold by this auction house have been those trapped on the National Wildlife Refuges in Louisiana. These raw nutria skins brought less than a $3.00 average during the past three seasons.

The Seattle Fur Exchange tells inquirers that "the prices nutria fur

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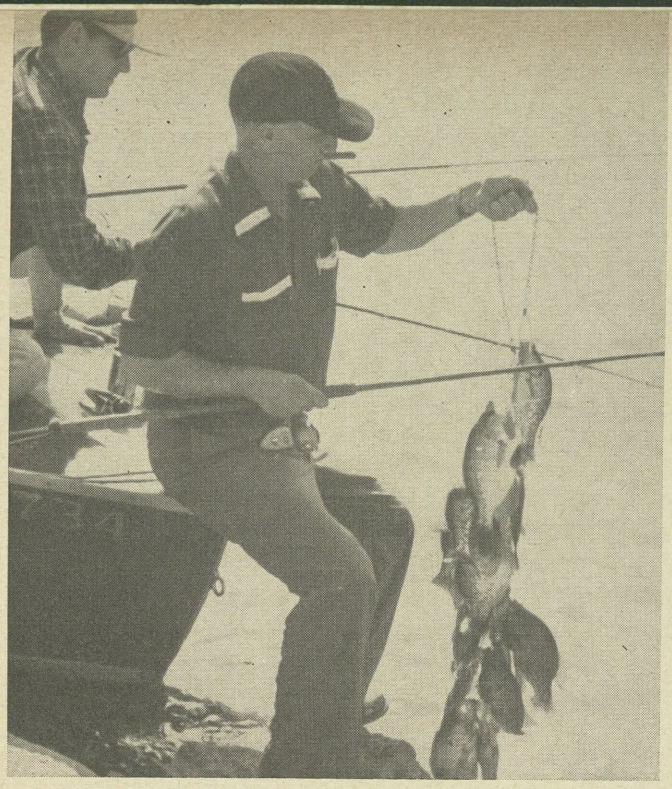


A small spoon tipped with pork rind proved to be fatally enticing to this nice string of speckled perch.

THE MAGIC of PORK RIND

This favorite standby can often mean the difference between angling success and failure

By RUSSELL TINSLEY

WE WERE CASTING Colorado spinners with black gnat flies deep around a submerged brush pile, Bill and I, retrieving in slow, stop-and-go jerks. We were after crappies (speckled perch, if you prefer), but thus far our catch wasn't anything to brag about.

We realized it was the wrong time of year to be trying for crappies with artificials. If we'd started fishing live minnows from the first, we would undoubtedly have had better luck. But Bill and I were experimenting with various methods where I could pass the information on to readers of my daily outdoor newspaper column. I'd heard other anglers had been catching crappies in this same area earlier in the week on artificials. I wished to check and see.

Presently, Bill paused between casts, glanced toward me thoughtfully, and said: "Maybe those crappies will go for a change of pace. I know a system that has paid off for me many times in the past."

Bill has an uncanny angler's knack of analyzing a situation. I stopped to watch.

He opened his tackle box and rummaged in the paraphernalia. Shortly he came up with a familiar jar of pork rind. Opening the lid, he removed one of the thin white strips and impaled it on the hook of the black gnat fly.

"Now, let's see," he mused, lobbing the spinner-fly-pork rind combination up near a protruding twig and letting it settle toward bottom. He started it homeward deliberately, and about halfway to the boat something touched it lightly.

Bill stopped the bait a split-second, then twitched it forward slightly, and almost simultaneously set the hook into a nice fish. He played it around and up to the boat. The two-pound fish, a nice crappie in anyone's estimation, dwarfed other specimens on the stringer.

Even with the pork rind addition to our baits, we didn't set the world afire that early summer morning. But we did catch a dozen nice fish when other methods failed to scratch.

That came as no surprise. Time and again I've been thankful that I had a bottle of rind nestled back in my tackle box. Many times it has made the difference between success and failure.

Of course my endorsing a system or product doesn't make it surefire. But you check the tackle box of any skilled fisherman and no doubt you'll find a jar of rinds tucked in among the reels and plugs. I've met many anglers who'd rather be caught in downtown Miami without their pants than out on a lake without their dependable pork rind. It is one of the most popular of all fishing tools.

Bigmouth bass fishermen have learned to depend on pork rind. There's something about the tantalizing wiggle of a limp rind strip that prods a reluctant bass into action. I recall one day when a pugnacious black almost took a pork chunk right out of our boat.

Ken and I were drifting lazily parallel to shore, working top-water baits along the lake fringe. Momentarily we came to a solid raft of water hyacinths growing near shore, so we switched to weedless spoons where we could continue fishing without fouling our hooks.

There was a narrow channel of open water between the vegetation and shore, and presently we noticed a commotion in that spot. A foraging bass was thrashing on the surface, chasing minnows. I flicked my spoon into the melee and began retrieving. No luck. Ken followed suit with the same frustrating result.

Three or four times we cast into the channel of water, but the bass ignored our spoons and continued to wallow after the minnows. I tried my spoon again while Ken switched to a pork chunk frog with a thick body and short thin legs. He tossed the bait past the action onto the bank, then gently eased it off into the water and started it temptingly toward the boat.

The bass took a frantic swipe at the passing lure and missed. Ken paused, letting the bait rest idle in the open water. But the bass disappeared and the outward ripples melted as they met the shore.

Satisfied that the bass was gone, Ken scooted the pork frog across the hyacinths and into the open lake. He was reeling fairly fast when swiftly and unexpectedly a wake appeared about two feet behind the skittering lure. Almost before we realized what was happening, the bait disappeared in a violent swirl. Shortly a chunky four-pounder decorated our stringer.

Pork rind, generally fished with other lures, is good for just about any fresh-water game fish. The flexible strips of rind have a lifelike action that's almost impossible to duplicate. The wiggling motion adds a great deal of life to any artificial. It is the seductive action of the rind that attracts the fish rather than the smell or taste. In fact, since rinds are immersed in formaldehyde and other strong salt chemicals, this seemingly verifies the claim that game fish feed almost entirely by sound and sight.

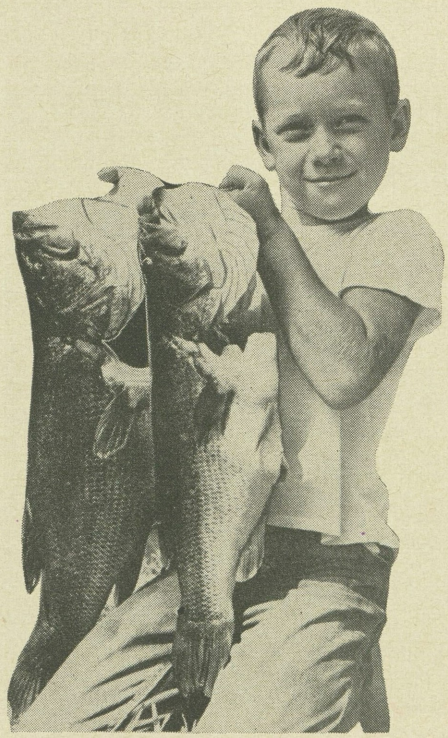
Various imitations of pork rind have been showing on the market lately, most of them made of soft plastic. Although these substitutes do have longer life and require less care in handling, they lack the convincing action of true pork rind and they aren't as tough as the real thing.

Never put used rinds back in the jar with new ones. This has an adverse effect on the unused strips. Instead, carry an extra jar of salt brine for the used rinds. Sometimes you can use a single strip on two or three fishing trips.

Most rinds have pre-cut holes for inserting the strip on a hook. Often, though, these holes are too large and the rind flips off the hook during a cast. I snip off the rind just below the pre-cut hole and bore another with the point of a pocketknife. I make it small where I have to force it over the hook barb, and rarely do I lose a rind.

When removing a rind, simply grasp the end with a pair of pliers and pull upward, at the same time slipping the rind free. The pressure opens the hole, simplifying removal over the barb and preserving the rind for future use.

Lately, various colored rinds are becoming evident in show cases of sporting goods stores, but of all I have tried, nothing came close to the fish-catching potential of ordinary *white*.



There is something about pork rind that seems to prod the braggin' size bass into action.

There are ways of making and preserving your own rind strips, but I'm not going to mention any simply because it seems like a waste of time. The price of a season's supply is negligible, hardly more than half what a good lure costs. Save that precious time for fishing.

As mentioned, the pork chunk is a good lure for fishing weeds. Another pet of mine is a weedless hook trailing behind a large June Bug spinner and tipped with a generous strip of pork rind. This lure works on a variety of fishes, from the popular black bass to the bream. Simply select the size hook, spinner and pork rind to match the fish you seek. It produces best when fished shallow or slowly skimmed along the surface.

Actually, a second-hand rind is better than a new one, for continual use makes the strip more flexible and consequently gives it more action.

When you remove a rind strip temporarily to try something else, always put it back in the jar reserved for used rinds. Once a rind dries it becomes discolored and loses some of its flexibility.

One of the universally favorite lures is a silver spoon of the wobbling type tipped with bucktail and pork rind or simply rind. A spinning type spoon with the treble-hook is good when fished with rind, too.

There are days when a spoon will outcatch all other baits. Seldom do I fail to try a spoon-pork rind rig thoroughly at least once on a fishing trip. One nice thing about a spoon is that it can be fished many different ways — shallow, medium-running, deep or even bounced along the bottom. This versatility is what makes it my ace-in-the-hole, and I wouldn't dream of fishing a spoon unless it had a tail of rind.

Sometimes I slit the rind almost to the hook to get a double wiggle.

(Continued on Page 42)

Gobbler, with wings widespread, sweeps down in full-control glide as Wildlife Technician drops a second bird from the open door of the Cub.

AIR DROP

By MORRIE NAGGIAR

The airdrop method for turkey restocking has been proven effective, inexpensive and time-saving.

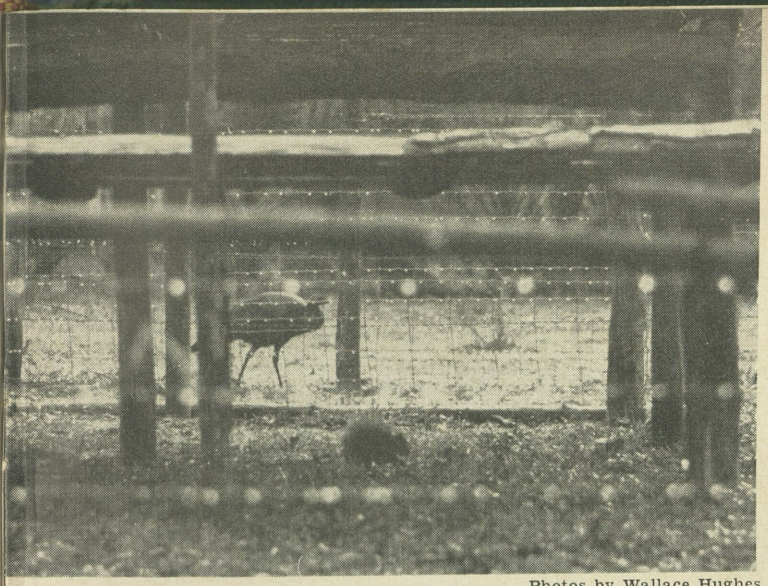
Photo by Bill Hansen

Turkey Restoration Project Leader Jim Powell scatters grain about the entrance to one of the pen traps used to capture wild turkeys alive for restocking.

FASCINATED, WE WATCHED the big gobbler set his wings and sail in for a perfect landing at the edge of the cypress strand. Overhead the little green and yellow Piper circled and started in on another down wind run. With flaps lowered to cut his air speed as much as possible, the pilot jockeyed the plane over the drop point.

Suddenly a dark blob plummeted from the open door of the trim aircraft. Momentarily the feathered bundle plunged toward the earth two hundred feet below. Then the falling turkey spread his wings and with the wind humming through taut pinions went into a long easy glide as the first had done. Gently the bronzed and bearded monarch of the swamps touched down at the edge of the cypress strand. For a moment he paused then quietly melted into the shadows.

Several times more the performance was repeated. Finally the plane banked to the east and disappeared in the direction of the headquarters camp. The aerial restocking dem-



Photos by Wallace Hughes

Cautious and alert, a turkey hen approaches a trap. Turkeys are baited in to the traps several days before actual trapping efforts are made. Despite this, the birds remain suspicious, ready to retreat at the least provocation.

Trapper, with bag of bait grain and sacks for holding captured birds, strikes off through woodlands for trap site.

TURKEYS

onstration had certainly been everything Regional Manager Lew Gainey and Project Leader Jim Powell had promised.

We earthbound observers piled into the baloon-tire equipped 4-wheel drive vehicle. The long jolting trek back to the highway emphasized one of the obvious advantages of plane travel in this south Florida back country.

Early in Florida's wild turkey restoration efforts it became obvious that pen raising of turkeys was not the answer to the problem of obtaining birds for restocking. Even the best of the available game farm stock carried the taint of domestic turkey blood. Such birds were unable to cope with the harsh realities of the world away from the security of pen and feed trough. If they did not succumb to the first meat eater that stumbled upon them, they ended up in the yard, and not infrequently in the cooking pot, of the nearest farmhouse. Even those that somehow did manage to survive lacked the alert-

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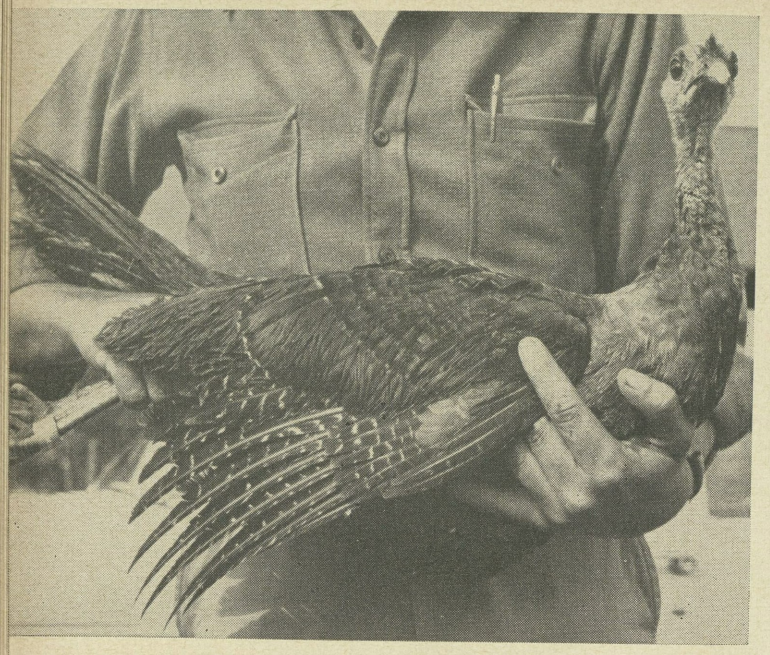
Photo by Bill Hansen

Biologist Jim Powell attaches numbered aluminum band to leg of wild gobbler being held by Wildlife Officer Bill Driggers.



Photos by Bill Hansen

Left: A turkey hen banded and ready to be sacked for the aerial trip. Above: Jim Powell, Project Leader, examines beard of gobbler being held by Wildlife Officer Bill Driggers.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

ness and sagacity that has endeared the wild turkey to generations of American hunters.

Fortunately, even when the population of wild turkeys was at it lowest ebb, there were areas spotted here and there around the state where healthy, pure strain wild turks remained. Live trapping and transplanting of the surplus birds from these surviving bunches provided the answer to the problem of obtaining suitable "seed" for starting new flocks.

The Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission's unique method of restocking turkeys from the air was dreamed up by Game Division biologists a couple of seasons back. The highly successful first phase of the turkey program had resulted in the re-establishment of flocks in all of the state's major areas of suitable habitat remaining open to public hunting. But here and there were flocks that had not prospered as well as might be expected. A follow up or booster release often turned the trick in such instances.

The main difficulty in making these booster releases is the fact that the sites needing attention are scattered around in some mighty hard to reach country. During the winter season when birds are live trapped, the roads leading off the main highway and into the hunting areas are commonly next to impassable. Under such conditions it often required a day of hard travel even with special swamp busting vehicles to reach one release area with a load of birds. The strain on equipment and man power sometimes slowed project operations to a crawl. No wonder the turkey restoration crew is enthusiastic about the new and highly successful air drop technique. ●

Below: Restoration crew members sack up a turkey for the plane ride. Right: Turkey, dropped from open door of plane, "walks on air" before setting wings to glide safely to ground two hundred feet below.

Photo by Bill Hansen

Photo by Jake Johnson

CHALO NITKA

By DAVE WEBB

SOME 2500 PERSONS, including 200 Seminole Indians from Brighton Indian Reservation, paid homage to Florida's Black Bass during Chalo Nitka held in Glades County. Chalo Nitka means Bass Day in the Seminole language.

The tenth annual event began with a children's fishing contest won by nine-year-old David Carter of Miami. David caught 18 bream.

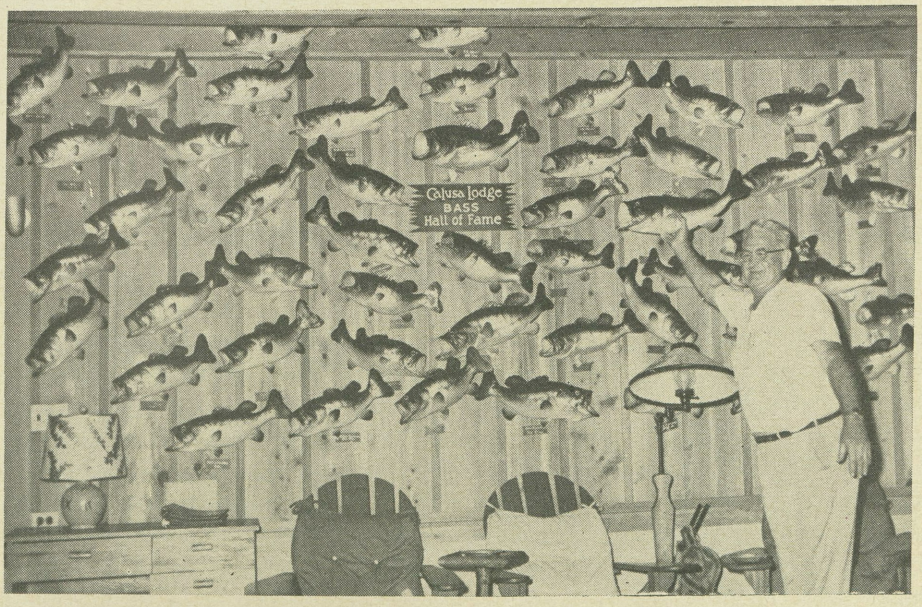
Judie Davis, 16-year-old Moore Haven High School Junior, was crowned queen of Chalo Nitka.

The LaBelle, Lake Placid and Moore Haven High School Bands headed a parade of floats including: Seminole Indian Float with Billy Osceola billed as Chief of the Seminoles; a giant 14 foot replica of a black bass built by the Future Farmers of America and decorated by the Women of the Glades County Chamber of Commerce; a miniature queen's throne with "the festival queen for 1968"; the Royal Jelly float; Lions Club float; a Scout float and the Rainbow Girls Circle float.

Other events were: National Turkey Calling Contest open to anyone, Big Bass Contest and a free barbecued beef dinner for 2500 persons. A well-attended street dance closed the day's events.

One of the prime tourist attractions in Glades County is bass fishing, the reason for the annual celebration. ●

Mrs. John Moe of Sturgis, Michigan, landed a 7½-pound largemouth to take top honors in the Chalo Nitka Big Bass Contest's ladies division. The winner in the men's division was Garrie L. Dillman of Sebring, Florida, who boated a 9-pounder.



Scottie Boldrey adds another trophy to collection of Glades County largemouth specimens on display at Calusa Lodge near Moore Haven. Each of the Lake Okeechobee scrappers tipped the beam at six pounds or more. Each trophy is tagged with the name of the angler and the fish's weight.

Winner Tom Gaskins (right) and runner-up, Billy Bowlegs, ninety-five year old Seminole, display their trophies won during Chalo Nitka's National Turkey Calling Championship.

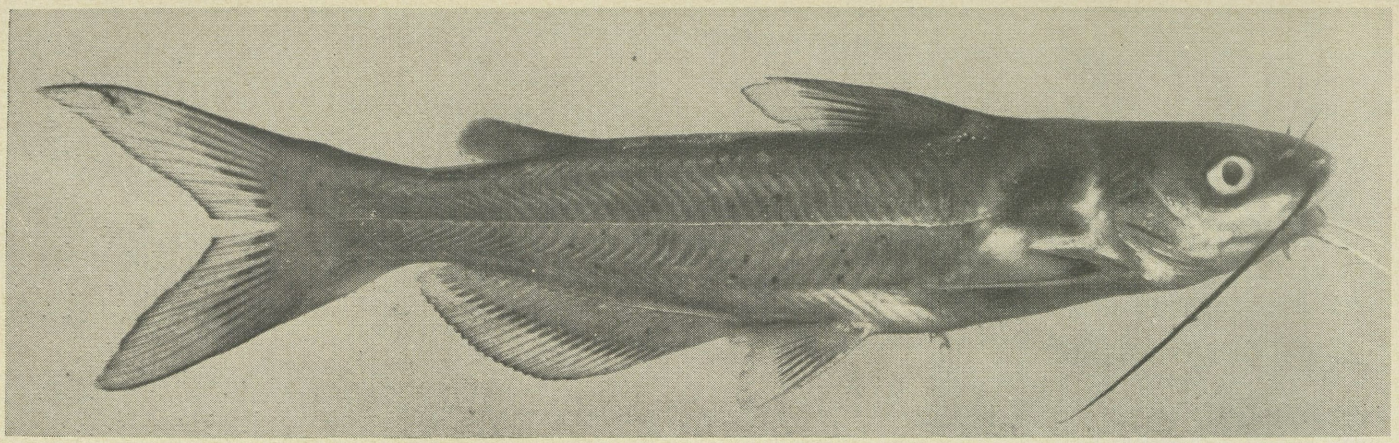


Photo by Wallace Hughes

The channel cat is commonly underestimated by most sport fishermen. Usually the species is rated high as a table fish but next to the bottom as rod-and-reel game.

Sunspots, weather, or whatever the cause,

we will never forget

THE NIGHT THE CATS WENT CRAZY

By DON MANNING

IT HAD BEEN building up for more than a week, looking back on it now, but on this particular Friday afternoon, the impact of the collective factors which go to make up the vernal season slammed home with a subtleness akin to the uninhibited, double-barreled wallop of an irate plow mule. I was plugging along at my desk, more or less oblivious to matters extraneous when, for no particular reason, I glanced toward the window. Whammo! Without warning, I found myself reeling under the effects of a full blown case of spring fever. Maybe it was the clear blue sky backgrounding the fresh green of newly leafed-out cypress down along the lake shore. Perhaps it was the chorus of bird songs echoing from the moss-festooned live oaks in the yard, or it could have been the heady fragrance of wisteria accented by the earthy odor of sun-warmed river swamp. No matter the cause, the effect was undeniably one which any of the multitude of the Breathern of the Angle will recognize as the initial onslaught of that incurable malady, piscatorial pyrexia.

After a few moments of aimless and feeble fumbling with the mountainous stack of papers heaped on the desk, I gave in to the inevitable. Two hours later, with an early supper out of the way, the dog fed and penned for the evening, and the kids deposited with the baby sitter, Vi, the distaff portion of our angling team, and I headed for the river.

The tires hummed a soothing tune on the sun-warmed pavement and the pair of us chatted like a couple of school kids heading for a favored fishing hole on the first day of a long summer vacation. Past successes with rod and reel were trotted out, dusted off, and fondled happily. As for the present, there could be room for no doubt whatever. On an evening such as this, the old lunker bronze-backs that had been lazing about the deep holes all winter surely would be lashing the waters to a froth in their eagerness to tackle anything even potentially edible. Making it even more of a lead pipe deal was the fact that a near-full moon was scheduled to rise along about nine o'clock. If the thought even crossed the mind of either of us, we kept it to ourself, but it was, by all accepted standards, a couple of months too early to be expecting big things of an after dark plugging jaunt for bass.

In this particular neck of the woods, night plugging for largemouths moves into high gear during the hot summer months when daytime temperatures are a mite on the uppity side of comfort. Not that either of us is too delicate to stand up under a bit of broiling, especially when a spot of angling action is in the offing but the bass, in our experience are much less reluctant to feed during the hours of darkness when water temperatures are high. The clincher of the matter is vested in a collection of tarpon size surface plugs which repose in my tackle box. By virtue of much buffeting about from a sizable selection of braggin bass, and even a couple of lying sized lunkers, the plugs bear little resemblance to the sleek, shiny enticers they

were a couple of seasons back.

Sometimes, away back there when I was still at an impressionable age perhaps, I ran across an article in which the author expounded at great lengths upon the theory that to catch big bass consistently, a big bait or plug should, in fact the gentleman went so far as to state *must*, be used. At any rate, the article left such a definite impression that when I finally moved into the bass country a number of years later, I still carried the big bait for the lunkers philosophy in my mind. The first experiment with the theory, a night trek on one of our central Florida lakes, yielded a nine pounder and a whole bevy of lesser representatives of bassdom. Both night fishing and the big plug idea gained a staunch supporter that evening.

The pines were throwing long shadows as we rounded the final curve of the highway that took us to the drive-down ramp at Lloyd's Camp, a favorite pushing-off point for fishing the Ochlockonee River. As the car rolled to a stop under the moss draped oaks in the yard, we were greeted enthusiastically by Lloyd Savage, the genial proprietor of the camp which at that time bore his name.

"Man, you should have been here a couple of hours ago," Lloyd announced.

New fiddler, old tune, I thought to myself. "Somebody come out with a nice string?" It was mostly to make conversation that I asked the question.

"Come here, I want to show you something," Lloyd replied by way of an answer.

We followed him back to the cleaning table where Larry, one of Lloyd's boys was busy scaling a bream that looked as big across as a serving platter. In a tub on the table was a collection of bluegills that would gub the eyes of even the most matter of fact panfish angler.

"They were eatin' it up this evening," Lloyd commented. "You and Vi get in the boat and I'll buzz you up to the dam. You still have twenty or thirty minutes more fishing time."

In my mind, I could picture the flyrod bowing as a hand-sized bluegill tried to make off with a popping bug. My resistance was slipping away when I glanced over at Vi. She had a determined look on her face.

"Bass, Buster. Remember?" And off she flounced to the car for her casting rod.

"What's she talking about?" Lloyd asked. "You aren't thinking about trying to plug fish tonight, are you?"

"Well, yeah, that's what we had in mind," I told him. "They should be hitting pretty good with this warm weather and all."

"Man, you're a good two-three months ahead of time for that. Won't be any good for bass tonight. Too cold yet."

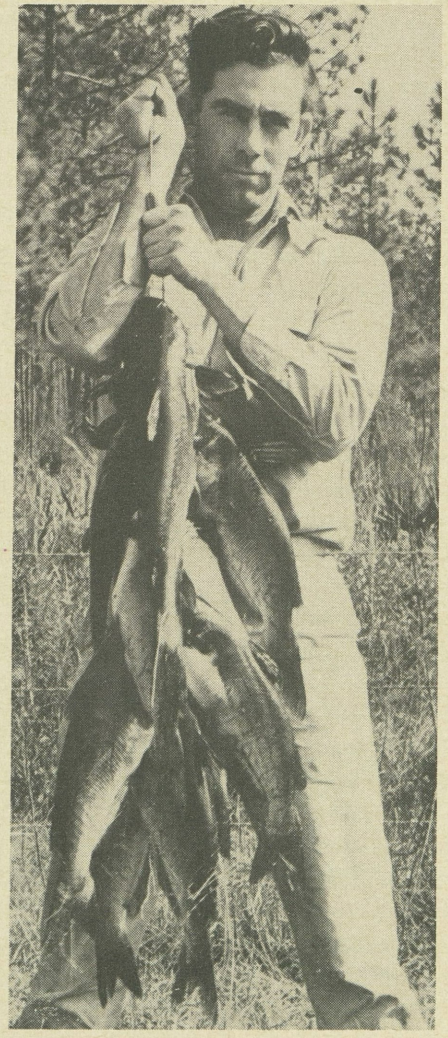


Photo by Morrie Naggiar

Sport aplenty in cats such as these displayed by Joe Ed Ward.

I started to answer, then the realization struck me. It was getting a bit chilly, now that the sun had settled behind the timber.

"Come on up to the house. We'll have us a little toddy and then fry up a mess of these bream," Lloyd invited. "You won't have any luck with bass fishing tonight," he restated by way of emphasis.

Now I have a good deal of respect for Lloyd. He is a fisherman's fisherman and there are no two ways about it. If he said the bass wouldn't hit at a particular time, I had every reason to believe that they won't hit at that particular time. He goes one better the proverbial character who knows every fish in the lake by his first name; I'd almost be willing to bet that he could give the date of birth and the current status of morale of any given fish in his section of the Ochlockonee. But when it comes to fishing, I'm strictly from Missouri; I'd find out for myself, although previous experience with Lloyd's ability to prognosticate fishing results indicated that the effort was hardly necessary. Besides, my wife wanted to go bass fishing, period.

Darkness settles down quickly in the timber-canopied river swamp country. By the time we had reached the focal point for our evening's operation, a stretch of open sandbar country with easy access to both weedy shallows and deeper channel waters, dusk had settled down in earnest. Bats were flitting above the smoothly flowing surface of the river. From somewhere within the murky depths of the river swamp rolled the resonant, querying hoot of a horned owl. I reminded Vi of the old swamp rat saying, "Fish bite at owl hoot." As if to let us know they were ready and waiting, there was a flurry of frantic splashing in the shallows near shore as a feeding fish slashed into a school of minnows.

My hands were shaking with im-

(Continued on Next Page)

Photo by Vi Naggiar

Wading into the water, I could imagine how a 16- or 18-pound bass specimen was going to look hanging on the wall above the fireplace.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

patient expectancy as I struggled with a frustrating jumble of carelessly stored line, lose plugs, and a chain stringer in an effort to disentangle a seemingly hopelessly ensnared favorite, an outsized Jitterbug.

The splashing of feeding fish was coming more and more frequently now and I fought off the urge to abandon the battle of wits with the infernal snarl and rig up with a plug of lesser size. Nor was my peace of mind abetted by the good wife's challenge, "Last one to land a fish has to clean the whole catch," a sure sign that she was rigged up and ready to do battle with whatever the river had to offer.

Finally, through the employment of a number of choice words, a pair of pliers, and a sharp pocket knife, "Old Faithful" was free of her fetters. "Wheee," Vi's voice rang out in the darkness, "I've got a fi——." The twelve pound test line parted with an audible pop. Complete silence prevailed for a matter of ten seconds. Out in the river there was a tremendous splash that sounded for all the world like a 200 pound man taking a belly whopper, followed by another, and yet a third heavy splash.

"Take it easy," I chided her. "You have to let them run a bit."

"Okay, funny man, cut the humor and give me another one of those logs you call fishing plugs. Grandpa might decide to come back for his dessert."

"Are you kidding? You won't see that fish again tonight. Probably just a gar anyway."

"Probably," the little woman answered in that tone she reserves for morons and/or wise guys. "Hurry up with that plug. I've got a fishing lesson to give to an amateur dub."

"The store is yours, lady. I'm going fishing."

As I headed down the sandbar, I was followed by mutterings which, although all but inaudible, did seem to make reference to a clown who carried a rat's nest in his tackle box.

For an interval after Vi's short-lived tussle with the plug stealing whatsit, the river had been quiet but now the feeding fish were again breaking water with heavy, pluse-racing splashes.

No bass tonight, eh? For once I'd have friend Lloyd on the ropes. The heavy plug arched out into the darkness and kept right on going in the general direction of Sopchoppy, several miles downstream. The plug must have plopped squarely into the waiting jaws of a real lunker. Instinctively I thumbed the whirling spool from which the line was being stripped at an alarming rate. I clamped down harder and the rod bowed dangerously under the increased pressure. Finally, and judging from the feel of the all but empty spool against my thumb, it was none too soon, the drag of the line proved too much for my unseen adversary and his run slowed to a halt.

His initial fright over, the fish switched tactics and began a sulking game. I lifted the rod tip. It felt as though I had hooked into a water soaked log. Carefully keeping the slack reeled in, I eased down the river bank hoping to gain enough line to put up at least a token show should that underwater volcano erupt into action again. Foot by foot I retrieved the line until a good half of its length had been restored to the reel. A steep clay bank jutting to the river's edge stopped any further progress down river.

I was standing at the foot of the bank pondering the next move when Vi strolled up to see what was going on. I gave her a quick rundown on the situation. I expressed the opinion that surely the sulking brute on the other end of the line was the Grandaddy of all Ochlockonee River largemouths.

"Well, you and he can't stand here all night holding hands by remote control. Do something."

There was no opportunity to voice the snappy rejoinder that was forming on my tongue for at that moment the finny torpedo decided that some upriver scenery would make a welcome change. Reeling frantically when I could gain some slack, I trotted back up the sandbar. This time I still had a respectable amount of line left on the reel when the fish decided to go into his sulking act again.

I wanted that fish in the worst way but at the same time it would have been something of a relief to have him shake the plug and get it over with. I lifted and lowered the rod several times with no response. Finally, I bowed the rod against the dead weight, pointing the slender glass stick over my shoulder so that I could reach the line with my left hand. Plucking the taut strand of nylon, bull-fiddle style, brought immediate results.

The line again began smoking through the guides as the fish made another down stream run. During the

next few minutes the fish broke water several times, burrowed for the depths with short bull dog runs, sulked, and in general played all around hob. At any moment I expected the line to go slack but it didn't. Finally the runs grew shorter and less determined. The nip and tuck battle was going in my favor. Alternately pumping and reeling, deep-sea style, I worked the scrapper into the shallows where, after a few increasingly feeble flurries, he lay quiet.

Holding the rod high with one hand, I eased into the water at the same time silently cursing my lack of foresight in leaving the landing net in the car. Already I could picture how a 16 or 18 pound bass would look mounted on a plaque over the mantel. I edged to within grasping distance of the whitish blob that I took to be the light colored underparts of a monster largemouth. Then the blow fell for at my feet I made out the figure not of a record busting bass but that of a large, and thoroughly tired out channel catfish. Bitter disappointment would be a too-mild description of my feeling at the time.

I worked my hand warily over the head of the yard-long cat and found a grip on the fish just behind the gill openings. I nearly leaped out of my socks at the completely unexpected flash of brilliant white light that left me temporarily contemplating a parade of luminous red spots that danced before my eyes.

"Nice one, but a little too late," the good wife commented as she nonchalantly popped the spent bulb out of the flash gun.

"What do you mean, too late? Too late for what?" I growled at her.

"The deal was that the first one to catch a fish was relieved of all fish cleaning details. Right?"

"That's right," I agreed.

"This is no jack rabbit," Vi smirked, playing her flashlight on a two pound catfish she held up for my inspection.

"We said fish, f-i-s-h, fish," I argued.

"So maybe a catfish is a snake or a lizard or something? You had your paws full there for a good twenty or thirty minutes. Show me a bass that will put up that kind of a scrap."

I didn't have an answer. She was right. Somehow, we had just never thought of the catfish as anything but a sluggish pest that, although he made pretty good eating, wasn't worth anything at all as a game species.

"You don't suppose we have been missing the boat on this catfish deal, do you? That two pounder of mine put up a tussle that a bass twice his size could have been proud of," Vi stated.

"Probably just a fluke. Gosh knows we've done enough night fishing that we would have taken a lot more than we have if they were in the habit of hitting surface lures."

"Yes but we haven't done much fishing this early in the season, and here in the river especially.

Photo by Max Hunn

As soon as the full moon threw its light over the scene, the furious activity ceased. The surface became as calm as a millpond.

It was true enough, for most of our night plugging had been done on lakes, casting from a boat in toward the shoreline, not exactly my idea of the best catfishing technique nor location.

"There is one way of clearing up the question," I suggested. "Let's get our plugs out there in the river and see if we can't get the answer directly from the horse's mouth."

A few casts later I felt a heavy nudge against the plug, followed by a second, then a third hit. Suddenly the line went slack as though the lure had somehow been snipped off the leader. I reeled in several yards of line, puzzled over the turn of events. Then there was weight on the line again, a good deal more weight than that of the plug alone. I lifted the rod tip, there was a flurry of water, and line began melting off the reel under the series of plunging bull-dog runs, first up river, then down, then back again. The fish headed for mid-stream where he burrowed for the bottom and sulked for a few moments.

Plucking the line again brought the stalemate to an end as the line traced a sizzling run down river, although not as far this time. Gradually the limber rod wore the fish down and I was able to lead him into the shallows near shore. Another channel cat, this one somewhat smaller than the first, tipped the beam at a respectable 4½ pounds.

For the next hour, it was seldom that one of us did not have a fish on. We lost fish, we lost a couple of plugs, but we found a great amount of respect for a fish we had previously held strictly a square when gaminess was considered.

The sky to the east began to brighten noticeably and soon a big old yellow ball of a moon was casting its light over the scene. Almost immediately the feeding activity ceased. There was not a ripple on the sur-

(Continued on Page 37)

Distant deer (center of photo) can scarcely be seen with unaided eye. Circle views, left to right, indicate how 6X, 7X, 8X and 9X binocular powers magnify a principal object for better seeing. Powers above 8X are difficult to handhold steadily, need artificial support.

Most outdoorsmen have both a desire and need for a good binocular. Whether you're in pursuit of hunting success or plain enjoyment from nature sightseeing, it helps to

GET A CLOSER LOOK

By ED LEMACK

IN PHOTOGRAPHY, it is good technique to move in close to one's subject, to capture on film all possible natural detail—whether the subject is a pretty girl or still-life . . . .

Like the photographer, the sportsman would often benefit from a closer look at subjects of momentary interest.

However, it is not always possible to make a close approach, especially when objects are far distant, over water, on private property or in the form of wary wildlife. A typical example of the last is the Florida hunter who spots a deer moving about in distant scrub but who cannot distinguish whether it is a buck or illegal doe; any attempt at a closer approach might easily result in starting the naturally nervous animal into making a fast getaway.

The answer is, of course, a quality binocular, an instrument especially designed for close viewing of distant objects through magnification and stereoscopic effect. Most outdoorsmen have both a desire and need for a good binocular. Those who already use a binocular in connection with their outdoor activities find that horizons are broadened and sports enjoyment greatly enhanced. To the modern hunter, a binocular is almost as essential as his ammunition.

Unfortunately, few sportsmen have a working knowledge of binoculars, their optical principles and best selections for specific needs.

One reason for the thin veneer of binocular knowledge is the highly technical, complex language of most books and articles on the subject. Seemingly, some undeniably qualified authorities take such delight in explaining even simple, basic binocular facts in such technical phraseology that only another expert usually grasps their full import!

Now, let's put some of the highly technical language through a lexicon sifter and, so far as possible,

present a few binocular facts in more understandable terms:

Power or Magnification: Prismatic binoculars are referred to as 6x15, 7x35, 7x50, 8x40, etc. The lead numerals and the multiplication sign create symbols designating the number of times a binocular enlarges an image for the human eye: i.e., 6x, 7x, 8x, 10x, 12x, etc.

Viewed with a 6 power glass, an object 1200 feet away is seen the same as if viewed from a distance of only 200 feet with your naked eye. Higher powers would make the object seem even closer.

However, the greater the magnification, the harder it is to hold the binocular steady, and more reduced is its field of view. An 8 power glass is just about the maximum power that can be handheld fairly steadily, since body tremors imparted to handheld binoculars are magnified along with the viewed image. That is why 6x, 7x and 8x powers are recommended for nine out of ten specific uses.

Large Objective Lenses: These are the big, light-gathering lenses located in the large ends of a binocular. Size is designated in millimeters, and when size diameter is written following the magnification figure —as 6x30, 7x35, etc.—the resulting symbol gives a glass its descriptive name.

Generally—if all other technical factors are equally balanced—the larger the diameter of a binocular's objective lenses, the better its relative brightness, resulting in better resolution and clear, crisp definition of viewed objects. Contrary to popular belief, size of objective lenses has nothing to do with the size of the field of view seen through the binocular.

Exit Pupil Lenses: Like a camera, the human eye has both a lens and an adjustable opening (the pupil) for transmission of light. However, unlike a camera lens system that must be manually set for desired degree of light transmission, the human eye automatically adjusts the size of its light-gathering pupil to existing light conditions . . . . In brief, the pupil of the eye automatically opens up in dim light or semi-darkness, closes down to a small pupil aperture in bright light . . . .

In average human eyes, this automatic increase or reduction in the size of the eye's light entrance pupil creates a pupil diameter of about 5 millimeters at dusk, about 6.5 mm. in full moonlight, 7 mm. or more in complete darkness, and a stop-down to 2½-3½ mm. size in bright daylight. Within the named pupil-aperture extremes the average person does all his seeing!

How well-lighted is the image you see through a binocular depends on how much light is gathered into the instrument by the large and objective lenses and how it is concentrated by the internal prisms and beamed through the binocular's small and exit pupil lenses to waiting eyes.

In a binocular, the useful size of these small end,

Even the best of binoculars need periodic cleaning and adjustment for continued top-notch performance. But binocular disassembly, and cleaning and collimation of internal optical systems, should be done by the factory or other qualified professionals—not attempted by an instrument's owner.

exit pupil lenses is determined by dividing the magnification-power of the instrument into the diameter of the large and objective lenses.

For a 6x30 glass, or a 7x35, size, the corresponding diameters of the exit pupil lenses would normally be 5 mm. each; for an 8x30 they would be 3.75 mm., and for a 7x50 class binocular the exit pupil lenses would be each 7.1 mm. size.

Any binocular with an exit pupil of more than 3.5 mm. diameter provides all the light transmission the eye can use in the daytime. But at dawn and dusk an instrument with at least 5 mm. size exit pupil lenses is needed, and the even larger 7.1 mm. minimum size is invariably needed for night use. Anything less than the eye's minimum light needs for seeing means a dim image viewed through the binocular. The idea is to fill the eye with a concentrated beam of light equal in size to its pupil dilation.

In bright daylight, the eye will utilize only a partion of the beam of light transmitted by a 5 mm. or 7 mm. exit lens; that portion of the beamed light not accepted by the eye's reduced size pupil is wasted—but not at the sacrifice of desired image brightness, as happens when the light beam is of less intensity than the eye's needs. In an exit pupil lens of 5 mm. or 7 mm. size, the extra light is there when the eye needs it for clear viewing in dim light; in a size 3.75 mm. it is not.

Relative Brightness: It has already been pointed out how dividing the millimeter size of a binocular's

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Cut-away view of one half of an individual focusing type binocular, showing lens system and physical assembly. Eyepiece on right illustrates how rotating eyepieces are graduated in both Plus and Minus diaopters.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

objective (large end) lenses by its power gives the size of exit (small end) lenses.

Now, to determine an instrument's useful relative, or image, brightness factor for comparison with that of another instrument, the already determined size of the exit (small end) lenses is squared. For the benefit of readers who don't want to bother to figure out things mathematically, the brightness factors of the more popular binocular sizes follow:

6x25—factor of 17.6 relative brightness
6x30—factor of 25
7x35—also 25, as above; same as for 6x30 size
7x50—factor of 50.4
8x30—factor of 14.3
8x40—factor of 25

These factors are for standard lenses. For coated optics, which greatly improve an instrument's utilization of gathered light, the resulting figures should be increased 50%, and the new technical term of Relative Light Efficiency substituted for Relative Brightness. The formula at least gives the sportsman an idea how to compare the practical brightness of a binocular size he is considering purchasing with other sizes.

Coated Lenses: Light gathered in by a prism binocular's large end, objective lenses is reflected from surface to surface by the internal prisms until it is beamed through the small exit pupil lenses and utilized for vision. For each surface reflection there is a loss of light intensity of approximately 4% to 6% . . . . When you look through a window, not more than 92% of the light on the other side reaches you; the rest is lost by reflection from both sides of the glass pane. The same is true of your eyeglasses; here, again, is another 8% loss . . . . Because of its many more reflective surfaces, a binocular may lose as much as one-half the intensity of the light originally entering the instrument.

Giving reflective surfaces of lenses and prisms a thin, hard coating of magnesium fluoride reduces light loss at least 50% and increases image brilliance and contrast, besides eliminating undesirable "ghost images" and lens flare.

As now realized, binoculars possessing coated outer lenses and similarly treated internal prism surfaces are to be preferred.

However, many of the cheap instruments now flooding the American market are advertised as possessing "coated lenses"—usually meaning that only one surface of objective and eyepiece lenses have been coated, with nothing said about desirable hard coating of the numerous light reflecting surfaces within each barrel. On this score, many buyers of "bargain" binoculars are given the old P. T. Barnum treatment.

In response to an editorial query as to what test the average sportsman-buyer can make to determine whether or not a binocular's inner surfaces have been given desirable anti-reflection coating, the Bausch & Lomb people stated: "The modern binocular has ten or twelve air-to-glass surfaces in each barrel; coating only two surfaces is a worthless operation; inner surfaces must be treated as well.

"A check on inner lenses can be made by holding a questionable binocular so that you look into its large, or objective, end in such position that you can see the reflection of an overhead light bulb. If you hold it right, you will see in the objective end a series of reflections, one for each optical surface of the lens and prism system. Each reflection from a coated surface will be dull and blue or purple in color. If any internal surfaces are not coated they will show as a bright reflection in the natural yellowish color of the light."

Field of View: The diameter of the circular view seen through focused binoculars at various distances, without moving the instrument, is defined as "field of view." Binocular manufacturers usually describe field of view as encompassing so many feet of horizontal vision at 1,000 yards, and proportionately fewer feet at closer distances . . . The wider an instrument's field of view, the easier it is to quickly locate your principal object and follow fast action.

However, as binocular magnification-power is increased, the enjoyed field of view at 1,000 yards, and at lesser distances, is radically reduced in proportion to magnification increase. This fact must be kept in mind when the temptation is to purchase a binocular of high power.

In instruments of conventional design the respective fields of view for the three most popular binocular powers show a sliding scale and illustrate how increase of power reduces field of view:

6x—about 445 feet of view at 1,000 yards
7x—about 395 feet of view at 1,000 yards

8x—about 330 feet of view at 1,000 yards

Wide angle prism glasses in the same powers give about 37% desirable area increase in each of the above described fields, but binocular bulk and weight are also increased, due to the larger internal prisms and housing required.

Chances are that you will find the best binocular for your specific needs from one of the following models:

6x25: Exemplified by the 12-ounce Bushnell Broadfield model and other quality glasses. A 6x25 glass is good for hunting use because of its small size and light carrying weight, clear viewing and an adequately wide field. Also adapted to viewing of general sports, indoors and out.

6x30: Six power magnification, a 5 mm. size exit pupil lens and a relative brightness of 25. In a quality brand, a 6x30 instrument is good for hunting, general sports and nature study, especially so for fast action at medium range. Our Army uses the 6x30, and the 6x is also standard glass for the armies of other nations.

7x35: Most popular of all binocular models. The 7x35 is a well balanced instrument combining good image brightness with moderate magnification, compactness and a good field. It is admirably suited to nature study, deer hunting (if total binocular weight is not a selective factor), forest service personnel needs and general use.

8x30: Has desirable magnification, but an exit pupil lens size of only 3.75 mm. and a relative brightness factor of 14. Good for general viewing since it gives eight power magnification, but it is harder to hold steady without artificial support and is not reliable in dim light.

7x50: The U. S. Navy's choice of binocular sizes. Seven power magnification. A 7x50 glass gathers a great deal of light through its big 50 mm. objective lenses, but has long ocular lens tubes and weighs three pounds on the average. It is a bulky glass, tiring to carry long distances afoot. However, on a boat, where bulk and weight are of no consequence, the 7x50 glass is preferred equipment, and is an ideal nighttime glass.

Central Focusing versus Individual Focusing: When an instrument is to be alternately used by several persons, a binocular of Center Focusing adjustment is good. But for hunters, and similar sole users, the Individual Focusing type is to be preferred, since eyepieces can be more quickly set to predetermined focusing positions. Individual Focusing eyepieces are also more nearly waterproof. Binoculars intended for heavy duty and military service use are always of I. F. type.

Collimation: A binocular is actually two separate prismatic telescopes joined together, each with its own optical system. If an instrument is in correct adjustment or "collimation," the images seen by these two telescopes are accurately superimposed to create a single picture of clarity and depth. Even a slight error in their alignment will cause the two optical systems to point in different directions, creating serious eye fatigue and greatly impaired instrument performance.

Bird watchers and students of Florida wild life rely heavily on clear vision binoculars for positive identification of species. For them, as with hunters, a close approach is often difficult or impossible.

Permanence of binocular collimation depends on the mannfacturer's good mechanical designing, use of high quality parts, careful assembly by skilled workmen and initial alignment of optical systems to close tolerances. Binoculars of poor mechanical design or assembly rarely maintain accurate collimation for long.

Cheap Glasses: Regard a binocular as a lifetime investment and buy one of established make. You simply cannot purchase a top-grade 7x35 or 7x50 glass for $18.50 or $19.95—no matter what the advertisements say!

Despite their attractive exterior features and price tags, cheap binoculars are invariably honeycombed with defects—porous and weak body castings, soft metal in eyepiece assemblies, weak tension springs and roughness or loseness of moving parts. Optically, they frequently contain such defects as poor collimation, marked loss of definition, image distortion, curvature of field, square and greyish appearance of the bright areas of exit pupil lenses (indicating substitution of inferior crown glass instead of correct flint glass) and anti-reflection lens coating so soft that it can be rubbed off. Many cheaply made glasses cannot be repaired at all.

Secondhand Glasses: Occasionally the sportsman has an opportunity to purchase a brand-name binocular secondhand at an attractive price, but usually it needs professional cleaning and adjustment. Therefore, to the asking price, the prospect should mentally add the probable cost of factory overhaul, since the original guarantee may either have expired or, more likely, be non-transferable. ●

In spite of himself, a bug fisherman is apt to end up with more bugs than he can ever use. Many of these are homemade.

Big Bugs for Big Bass

By CHARLES WATERMAN

THAT BUG-FISHING TRIP started out the way a lot of them do with Jim Henely getting what he calls the "dope."

Jim gets the dope in various ways—sometimes by simply telephoning his fishing friends and asking—but usually by darker and more devious means. A Jim Jim Henely fishing trip is preceeded by cloak and dagger espionage that would put an atomic spy to shame.

One of his most successful methods is what he calls his "advance agent" procedure. This is a complex operation which involves subtle trickery of a low order.

In employing his "advance agent" plan, Jim mentally lists the spots where he thinks fishing might be good. Then he picks out a fisherman for each spot and stages what he calls an "interview" with each one. During the interview, Jim hints broadly that fishing is good at such-and-such a spot and finally talks his "mark" into going to investigate. On a given day he may have four or five advance agents in the field.

Of course, some of these agents may have lousy fishing but one or more is likely is find it hot and will call Jim to thank him for the tip. Those who don't catch fish are a little embarrassed about the whole thing, feeling it was lack of skill that caused their failures. They keep quiet.

With the returns in, Jim packs his gear and goes fishing the following morning.

That's only one of Jim's schemes. Most of his friends know them all but they go along because they get hypnotized by Jim's glowing promises.

On this particular afternoon, Jim was getting the dope from Bob Cassidy, a fisherman of some fame and great ability. Bob and Jim were drinking coffee in a drug store and Jim had assumed the engaging, confidential air he reserves for anglers he hopes to con out of their favorite spots. Bob Cassidy winked broadly at me over Jim's shoulder, having known exactly what was going on since Jim first invited him out for coffee. Finally, Jim paid the check, a sure sign he had scored.

Jim then approached me. He did this because his own boat was laid up and he needed transportation.

"They're at Mud Lake," he hissed out of the corner of his mouth like a narcotics peddler about to make a drop. "We'll go tomorrow."

This information didn't mean much to me since I know of roughly 78 Mud Lakes in the St. Johns river system. Of course, Jim understood this. He wasn't taking any chances of traitorous activity on my part.

"Bass bugs," whispered Jim knowingly.

We made a typically late start the following morning after much coffee and careful planning. We took flyrods, spinning tackle and bait rods but it was the flyrods we counted on this time.

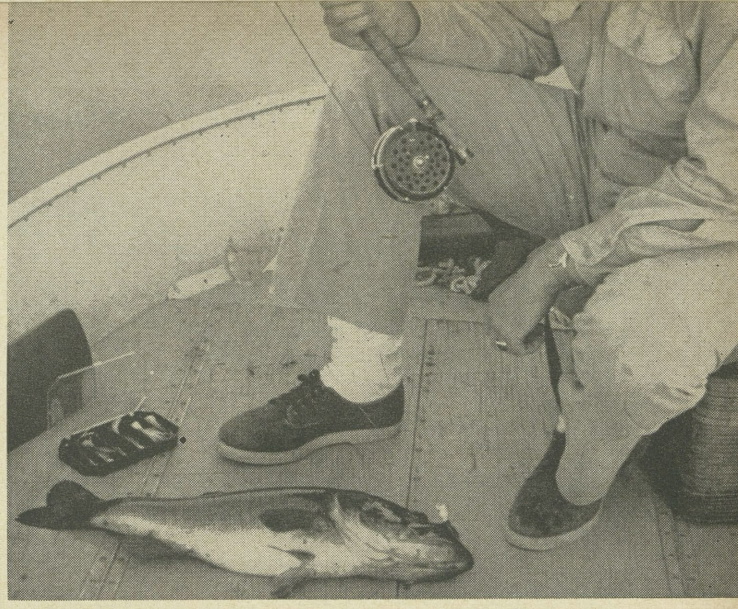
It had been cold and wet—a time when many anglers abandon the long rod for some other method. Jim's dope was that the fish were taking slowly and that small surface plugs were the best bet. That's bass bug indication if ever I heard it.

We ran down the river past a dozen little lakes and then down a sluggish off-river run that was virtually lined with shallow ponds, all of which dead-ended in marshy sawgrass meadows. Jim finally called a halt with a dramatic gesture and I cut the motor. The Mud Lake we coasted into was like all the others as far as I could discern. It was sheltered from the wind by moss swinging oaks and cypress and Jim prepared to row the boat, a development I hadn't counted on.

"Let's get the fooling around over with. Then I'll take over," Jim said.

We moved along the shallow side where a series of seepy creeks came out of the grass, most of their mouths partly blocked by hyacinths. I fumbled through approximately a quart of goofy-looking bass bugs, selected a small popper and went to work, mak-

Once you have a good selection of bugs, you can fish them so many ways that it will take an hour or more to run through your repertoire.



On a calm day with the water surface as smooth as glass a slowly moving popper will often turn the trick.

ing mental notes that it was time I cleaned out those bug boxes and threw away some of the least appetizing. I still haven't done it but I have 25 or 30 new ones.

I bugged the shoreline with great care and a few flourishes for Jim's benefit. I gurgled the bug, I twitched it and I blurped it and succeeded in attracting a single undersized garfish. Apparently he was a garfish of scientific bent because he surveyed my lure from all angles with a "well-whaddeyea-know?" expression.

Half an hour of casting without result brought us to a creek mouth that was slightly wider than the others. There was a 5-foot cleared area and hyacinths blocked the rest. Several wading birds patrolled the shoreline there, watching our approach with obvious irritation. A small alligator played log for a few minutes and then sank slowly.

"All right. Now are you ready to start fishing?" Jim wanted to know.

I changed to another popper and mentioned that this creek was just like the others, that we were probably in the wrong pond and that the rowing was quite unsatisfactory. Jim ignored these remarks and announced that the wind was right, that the barometer was obviously rising, that the tide tables indicated now was the time and that this was the creek where Bob Cassidy had been catching bass for a week.

Jim also said some things about incompetence and mentioned that it takes some anglers about half an hour to get ready. He also inferred that he expected to return home alone if I hung up in the creek mouth on the first cast.

I put the new popper in what I figured was the right spot, twitched it lightly and let it lie for 30 seconds. There was a small "V" in the water and the lure disappeared with a faintly audible glug.

"Place is full of gars," I announced too hastily as I set the hook and a 2-pound bass hopped out of the hyacinths, darting under the boat with my bug. I clawed for a tight line.

"Yep," said Jim. "These are pretty active gars this time of year."

I caught two more bass and they quit. Jim took over the rod.

"Now, I don't know much about these things," Jim said, sawing the air noisily. "I figure you just get that doo-dad in the water and haul out the fish. A bass won't know if it's a torpedo taper or a banjo string as long as he can find what he wants to eat and this is not what he wants to eat. Let me see some more of those bugs."

Jim examined my bugs as if they smelled bad. He finally paused over a deer-hair mess that had never looked like anything in particular and which had deteriorated in appearance with the years. Moths and bass had chewed at it and its hook was rusted. The body was wobbly on the shank and an inch of tying thread dangled hopelessly from its body.

"Now here is the sort of thing I have been looking for," said Jim. "A bass is essentially a clean-liver and likes to have the premises neat. It stands to reason that any bass seeing this thing floating around his patio is going to want to get rid of it for appearances sake. Of course, he would become ill at the very thought of eating it but having no hands, he will be forced to take it into his mouth before carrying it off to bury it. When he takes it into his mouth, I shall stick him with this very cheap and rusty hook and bring him over to our boat for inspection and weighing."

"That is a dragon fly bug," I said stiffly. "Before it was worn out, it was a good lure and it is more than 20 years old."

"Do not apologize for your equipment," said Jim. "We must make do with the materials at hand and I

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am sure this will be satisfactory in lieu of anything better."

Jim resumed waving the flyrod and the big dragon fly obediently followed his gestures. After it got wet it looked like something long deceased and of uncertain lineage.

"Move over closer to that accursed creek," Jim ordered. "Who can throw a wet mop that far with a 5-ounce rod?"

I moved over and when Jim agreed the boat was just right he splatted the big dragon fly thing about two feet from the hyacinths, about six feet from the sawgrass and close enough to a nervous shikepoke that the latter took off with irate squawking.

Jim left it lie and left it lie and it soaked up water and rode lower and lower until I could barely make out a few deer hairs sticking up above the smooth surface. Then he twitched it ever so slightly and lit a cigarette.

Somewhere back in the edge of the sawgrass there was a faint movement that might have been a turtle but wasn't. There was a gentle swell that moved out toward the bug and then it stopped and Jim twitched the bug again. This time the bug lifted on a slight bulge and then it disappeared with a slurping sound. Jim heaved upward on the rod, stepped into a coil of loose line with his left foot and told me to row the hell away from there.

I rowed and a 6-pound bass came up out of the creek with his mouth open and the big bug lodged well back in his jaw. I know it was a 6-pound bass because Jim landed it and then turned it loose because Jim doesn't care for fish to eat. Then we caught some more smaller bass on the big bug.

It was a typical flyrod triumph. There are times when nothing quite lives up to a bass bug. Spinning has encroached upon the flyrod's domain but it hasn't taken over and it won't. The most versatile bass fisherman will continue to use three kinds of tackle and—if he wants a lot of fish he'll keep each in its place.

Fly-fishing a bug on the St. Johns River. A husky rod is needed for best results.

The soft, slowly-worked lure still belongs to the flyrod and there are times when it alone will do the job. The baitcasting surface plugs are louder and the small spinning lures fill a big gap but there are times when a bass likes to suck in a soft hairbug or a tiny popper—taking his time about it—and the long rod comes into its own.

The spinner-fly combinations that used to go with the flyrod are, for the most part, fished with spinning tackle today and nothing will beat the spinning rod on jigs and other small underwater attractors.

When bass want big, loud surface lures it's hard for the fly man to compete with the old-fashioned plug rod although Jack Gowdy, a guy who prefers the flyrod for everything, throws some gargantuan poppers that weigh enough for light spinning tackle. When I try those behmoths they often end up in the seat of my pants.

There's one common belief that's completely wrong. It's the idea that bugs are good only in "bug season" —when there are lots of real, live bugs flying around. It comes from the original idea that a bass bug represents only a bug. Perhaps it did at first but "bass bug" is a broader term today and a floating flyrod lure may represent anything from a menhaden minnow to a green frog or even a seagoing mouse or an injured bird.

The real poppers usually make more noise than any creature of their size is capable of on its own and a bass probably hits them out of plain cussedness—certainly not because they're a faithful reproduction of anything living or dead.

Anyway, loud flyrod poppers can be pretty well imitated by a host of baitcasting and spinning lures. It is in the field of soft-bodied surface lures that the flyrod has no competition. That's the weakness Jim discovered in his 6-pounder and it works lots of times.

My fishing triumphs have nearly always come as a result of the bass bug and usually when the fish are taking gently, often with a "double strike." The first half of a double strike comes when the fish nudges the lure with his nose. That's when he is likely to recoil from metal and varnish but if he feels a soft, hairy body or a small cork body with wings or hair tail he may come back and gulp it with fatal results.

Whenever I get one of those booming, explosive strikes on a bug I make a mental note that I probably could have had that fish just as well with some kind of a plug but when

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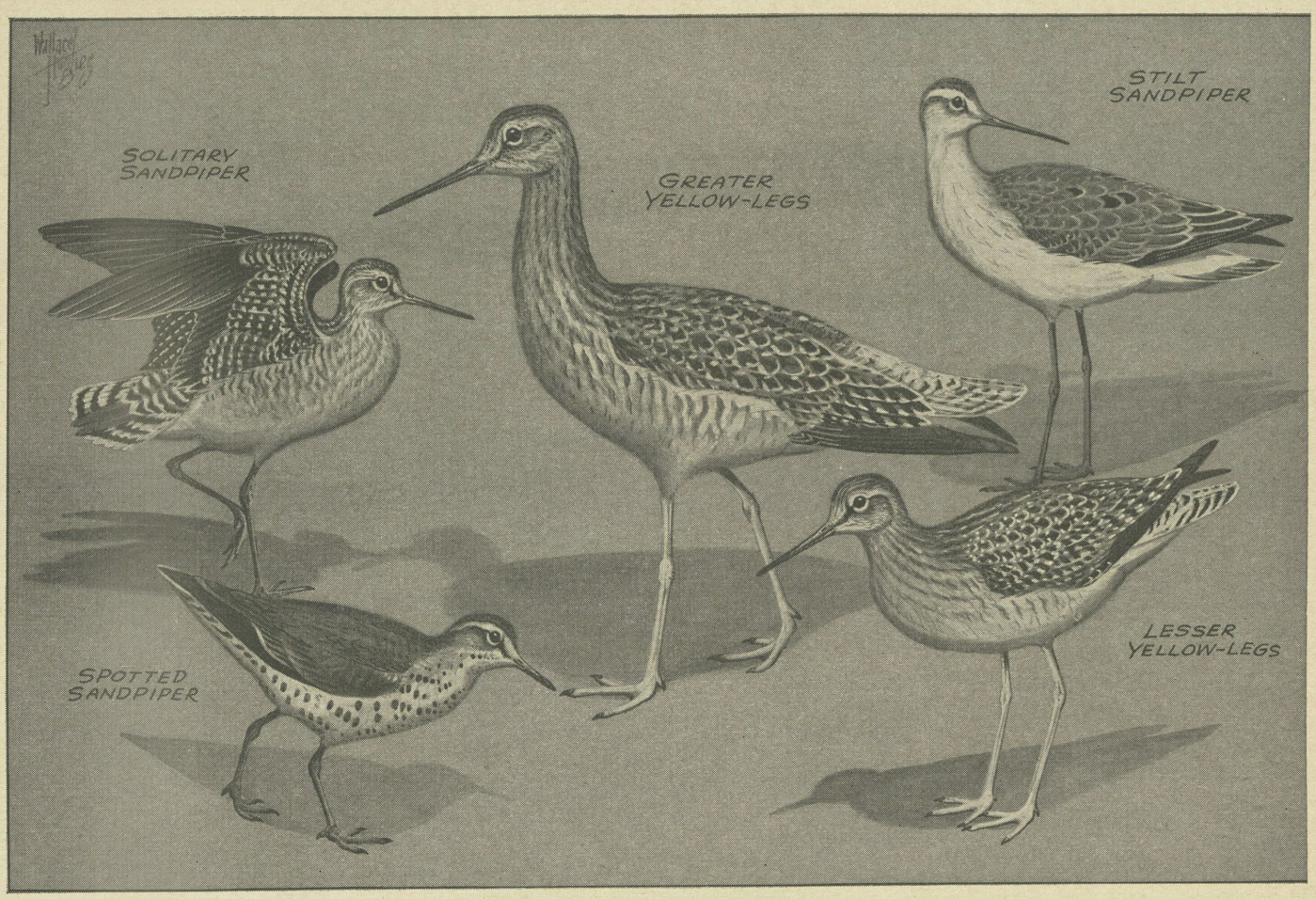
FLORIDA BIRDLIFE



Spotted Sandpiper, *Actitis macularia.*

Spotted sandpipers seldom remain still for more than a moment at a time. They bob up and down constantly and run here and there in short energetic spurts. "Teeter-tail" is a common local name. It describes well the constant tilting of body and tail.

During the spring and summer months the spotted sandpiper is readily identified by the round, dark spots on the underparts. In the winter plumage the bird is olive-brown on the back with pure white underparts.

The species is quite abundant during migration and is well distributed in Florida during the winter season. They are much less inclined to gather into flocks than are most other shorebirds and it is seldom that more than two or three birds remain together for any length of time.

Animal material is the mainstay of the diet. Mollusks, insects, and various worms are the most commonly eaten items of the diet.

Solitary Sandpiper, *Tringa solitaria.*

As the name indicates, the Solitary Sandpiper is most often seen alone or perhaps with one or two other birds of the same species. This is a trait that is not too common among the shore birds, usually a company seeking group.

They nest in the far north and winter from the West Indies and southern Mexico southward. During the fall and winter migration they are quite common in Florida and small numbers spend the winter in the state. Pond borders, banks of streams, boggy pastures and other inland, fresh water areas are the likely places to find this bird.

Distinctive features of the Solitary Sandpiper include the uniformly dark wings and upper parts and the dark, barred white tail with the pair of dark center feathers.

Greater Yellowlegs, *Totanus melanoleucus.*

In all parts of the state the Greater Yellowlegs is a common winter resident. They are wary and alert birds. Their call is loud, clear and forceful and may be written as *wheu, wheu, wheu.*

The bright coloration of the long, slender legs is one of the obvious identification marks of the species. In the winter plumage the dark brownish back and wings are blotched with white. The head and neck are heavily streaked.

The Greater Yellowlegs is found in fresh water areas as well as along the coastal marshes and mudflats. In feeding they most often seek out aquatic insects, small crustaceans, tadpoles, and tiny minnows. They pursue their prey in shallow waters,

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not often probing the mud as do other long-billed shore birds.

Lesser Yellowlegs, *Totanus flavipes.*

This smaller relative of the Greater Yellowlegs is so much like the larger bird that it is often difficult to tell the two species apart unless they are seen together. The lesser yellowlegs averages about 10½ inches in total length of head and body. Its larger cousin measures, on the average, about 14 inches.

Like the larger species, the Lesser Yellowlegs is a noisy bird. Their loud forcefull calls often attract attention to the flock. When alarmed they are especially noisy. In former times the market hunter frequently called them tattlers because of this habit.

In Florida the Lesser Yellowlegs is a common winter resident. They inhabit boggy pastures, lake shores, and other fresh water localities as well as beaches, bay shores and salt marshes and flats along both coasts.

Stilt Sandpiper, *Micropalama himantopus.*

The white eye stripe, greenish-yellow legs and long, heavy, tapered bill readily separate this species from the Lesser Yellowlegs with which it is sometimes confused.

The bird nests in northern Canada and northeastern Alaska and winters in South America. It is known in Florida as a migrant during the spring and fall flights between nesting and wintering grounds.

Shallow ponds and freshwater marshes as well as the tidal areas of both coasts are attractive to this species. They are often noted in company with yellowlegs and because of their similarity may be overlooked. ●

BIG BUGS FOR BIG BASS

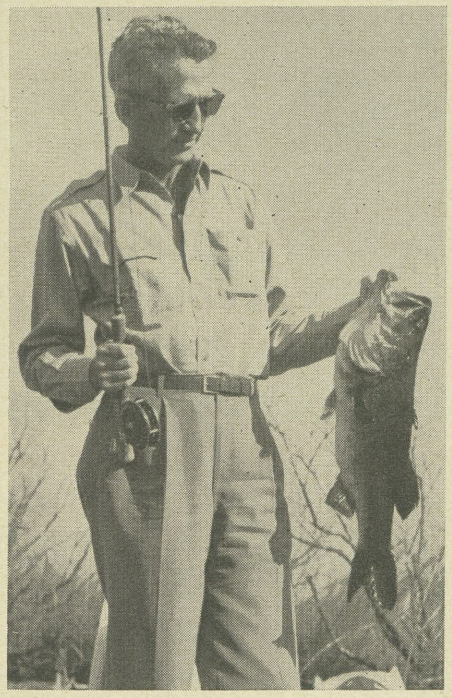
(Continued from Page 32)
the lure simply disappears and gets snagged into several pounds of largemouth, I congratulate myself on selection of the flyrod.

I have read hundreds of times that there is nothing to fly fishing and that you can learn it in just a few minutes. Perhaps you can slop a lure around and keep it out of your ears with a few short minutes' practice but I don't know any real fly fishermen who haven't worked hard at it at one time or another. I'm no great shakes but I have a big, lumpy callous on my hand where the flyrod fits and I've had it off and on for a good many years.

Like other things that are worthwhile, fly fishing—and especially bug casting, gives you returns only for what you put into it. If it isn't worth a few hours of backyard practice, forget it.

Four out of five persons fishing for bass with flyrods have outfits that no one could do much with. Where actual trial of the beginners' outfit is not possible, a competent fly-fisherman should be consulted. The dealer may not know much about fly fishing.

The rod for Florida bass should have enough backbone to handle a big, wind-resisting bug and to stop heavy fish in snaggy or weedy waters. It should take a GBF or a GAF line if you intend to throw good-sized bugs. About eight and one-half feet is a good length although the boat fisherman can use shorter rods if he doesn't crave distance.



Jim Henely's bass weighed six pounds and slurped up a hairy gadget that looked like nothing in particular.

The bug collection can range from half a dozen carefully selected numbers to the hundreds that my friend Jack Gowdy paws through before every fishing trip. Most important of all is the soft-bodied hair bug—not because it is necessarily the most deadly lure but because it is the one that cannot be replaced by spinning or casting plugs. It is a real bacon-saver.

You need some popping bugs in various sizes and colors and some "sliders" or feather minnows with bullet-shaped heads. These sliders have a darting minnow-like action on the surface and don't make too much fuss.

Rubber legs are popular on cork, balsa or plastic bug bodies. Chuck Schilling, Florida Wildlife fishing editor, was a pioneer in the development of rubber legs on fly rod lures.

Once you have a selection of bugs you can fish them so many ways that it would take you an hour or two to run through your repertoire of combinations, fishing them fast, slow, steadily and with jerks of varying violence.

One of the most successful bass-bug fishermen I ever knew still-fished bugs in a gentle ripple on a weedy lake. He never moved his lure at all after a cast until he was ready to cast again. It's a safe bet you haven't been fishing **that** slowly.

Jim Henely says he's going to learn to **really** fly fish. He has a rod, reel, line and a bunch of bugs. With his connections and fish-locating methods it should be a killing combination. ●

WARBLERS OF NORTH AMERICA, edited by Ludlow Griscom and Alexander Sprunt. 356 pages, illustrated with 33 full color plates, and many line drawings by John Henry Dick. Published by the Devin-Adair Company, 23 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y. Price $15.00

Amateur and professional ornithologists (yep, bird-watchers) will certainly welcome this book to their bookshelves. It is the most complete book about Warblers, small colorful members of the Wood Warbler Family *Parulidae* ever published.

Warblers are peculiar to the Americas and are the second largest family of birds listed in the avian nomenclature of this region. Warblers are, generally speaking, small colorful birds with sweet singing voices. Their small size, elusive, busy mannerisms, migratory habits, and yearly plumage changes, often are confusing to most bird watchers who find them difficult to identify.

This book with it's wealth of life history material, range maps, and fine color drawing of each Warbler will certainly, when applied along with persistent field observation, make Warbler experts of all bird-watchers, beginners or old hands alike.

Florida, Land of Sunshine and warm climes (most of the time) is a natural home for the Warbler clan. Over 40 species have been recorded here. Florida bird-watchers should certainly provide themselves with a copy of this excellent book.

* * *

COMPLETE DUCK SHOOTER'S HANDBOOK, by Robert Scharff. 250 pages with 100 photographs, charts, and drawings. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price $5.95.

"Waterfowl shooting is as truly American in character as the Stars and Stripes, Tin Pan Alley and Hollywood," says the author of this latest book on waterfowling. "Perhaps it was practiced in far countries long before William Penn bartered with the Indians. But nowhere in the world is waterfowl shooting as typical of the wide, healthful spaces of the earth as it is in the United States of America. It belongs, in truth, to that "Land of Room Enough" which bestirred a song in the heart of the poet. It smacks of the crisp days of autumn and the crackling leaves; of the pungent odor of smokeless powder; of the dying wind at the end of the graying day. It just sorta gets under a feller's hide, if you know what I mean."

For the thousands of Americans who already dedicate their lives to the pursuit of the duck and for those who are about to raise a gun for the first time, here is a complete handbook that gives all the facts on ducks, equipment, shooting, locations, and even a bit on cooking the birds. It should help guide the beginner and help him get the greatest enjoyment from hunting, and it contains valuable tips that the pros also will appreciate.

Subjects treated in special chapters include duck identification, duck guns and loads, hints on construction of blinds and where to place them, calls and decoys, duck boats, selection, care and training of a retriever, how to hit ducks, hunting techniques for scoters, marsh hens and geese, clothing for the waterfowler, preparing and cooking ducks. ●

FISHING

(Continued from Page 7)

a mirror to flash sun signals and a 4' x 6' white plastic shower curtain for the same purpose.

In addition, I have a first aid kit, a .45 caliber revolver, several coils of extra nylon line, a spare anchor, and extra clothing in addition to complete rain gear. I carry an extra gallon of fresh water, as well as emergency rations, usually in the form of several boxes of Fig Newtons. These latter are perfect for this purpose. They are highly nutritious, tasty, well-packed, and easily procurable almost anywhere. They won't produce thirst.

I have an extra pair of sunglasses, extra suntan lotion, and spare parts for the motor. These include an extra propeller, propeller nut, cotter pins, spark plugs, and, of course, a kit of tools. A waterproof bag for charts of the waters being fished and a small but good compass are musts. Last but not least, I have a good pair of oars and, in a pinch, can put up a jury sail.

I know all this sounds like a lot of equipment but, actually, it all goes in the boat with hardly a ripple. Most of it fits easily in the waterproof, storage boxes under my rear seat. I wouldn't put to sea without them. All my precautions and preparedness may not save me from a sticky end at sea some day but, by golly, it won't be because I didn't do what I could do save my own neck. From the casual way they risk their lives, a lot of people must not care much one way or the other about losing them.

Let's you and me resolve to take sensible precautions when dealing with the sea. If we are going to be offshore, let's find out what we can expect in the way of weather in the 12 or 15 hours ahead. If it looks dirty, let's stay inside. Let's be reasonably careful when doing deep-water fishing, and our chances of being around to do a little fishing later on will be greatly improved. ●

muzzle flashes

By EDMUND McLAURIN

WHEN I was in my twenties and burning up thousands of rounds of ammunition each year—just as I still do (praise the Lord!) in my forties—public coloration tastes in such things as men's dress clothing, outdoor wear, portrait photography, automobiles and firearms were largely on the conservative side.

Not so today! For a long time, now, it has been quite appropriate for a he-man to wear slacks of flamboyant yellow, to combine bright colors in his outdoor clothing, have his portrait and camera snap-shots finished in color, drive a coral pink automobile or otherwise join the national color-conscious parade.

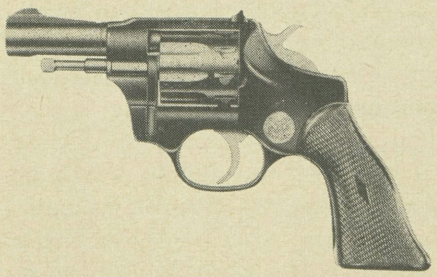
Similarly, in the interest of halting and reducing the rising annual hunting accident toll, there has been a growing national movement—supported by the results of scientifically conducted field vision tests—to have yellow hunting clothing replace the traditional khaki outfits and the deer hunter's red cap. Tests have proven that, beyond doubt, yellow is the color best seen by both normal vision and color-blind persons. It is now possible to obtain an all yellow hunting outfit, from vivid rubber boots to gantron-material cap, for increased chances of personal safety while hunting areas overly populated by other eager hunters.

But the idea of having our guns in color is a bit startling—especially so to the old rank and file who, first as boys and later as full-fledged hunters, have found beauty and source of pride in a smooth, unblemished, deep blue finish on gun metals, with complementing oil-finished, natural-grain wood stocks.

However, like 'em or not, guns in color are here . . . Certain shotgun and rifle models of Browning manufacture have been marketed with experimental green-color receivers and ornamentation for well over two years, and there has been an increase in ornamentation of usual blued receivers and gun stocks by a number of other firearms manufacturers. (The handwriting has been right there on the wall all the time and some of us have not been concerned about it—that's why the idea of guns in color now hits certain of us old-timers with jolting impact.)

Harrington & Richardson Company is currently making its .410 gauge shotguns with colored stocks and fore-ends. Depending on how radical you are in your thinking, and obsessed with a dress-up complex, you have a wide choice of color in the H&R .410 gauge listings—yellow, red, blue, green, purple, pink or black! Also, the H&R people announce their intention to carry the use of color to their entire shotgun line . . . .

By an exclusive process, the High Standard Manufacturing Corporation is now making and marketing its "Sentinel" model .22 caliber revolver with metal parts finished in dura-tone gold, turquoise or pink shades, with contrasting ivory color plastic grips. Since High Standard, in addition to its own wares, makes the "J. C. Higgins" line of rifles, pistols and shotguns for Sears, Roebuck Company, you can bet that the color idea will soon be carried out in that line, too.



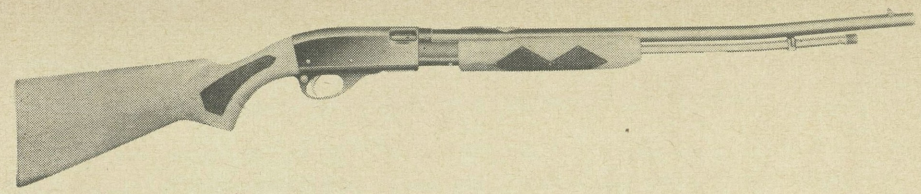
High Standard's "Sentinel" model .22 caliber revolver is now available with metal parts finished in dura-tone gold, turquoise or pink shades, with contrasting ivory plastic grips.

Latest and most sensational examples of guns in color, however, are the revolutionary color and reduced gun weight versions of the highly popular Remington Model 572 "Fieldmaster" slide-action .22 repeating rifle.

Embodying the basic design elements of the standard, all-steel "Fieldmaster" model, the new additions are strikingly individualistic in that they weigh only 4 pounds each, against the standard steel model's 5½ pounds, and come in a choice of "Crow-wing" black or "Buckskin" tan major color finishes, with contrasting, but harmonizing, checkered stocks and fore-ends. Papa is the standard, all-steel model 572; grandfather was the late Remington 121, and great-granddad was the original Model 12 in the Remington family of slide-action rifles.

Secret of the lightness of these new color-version 572's is the use by Remington of aluminum alloy for major component parts, including an aluminum alloy barrel containing a rifled steel lining.

After recovering from the initial shock of seeing an old friend all decked out in fancy, bright colored clothes, this Gun Editor poured the test sample's magazine full of long rifle cartridges and blazed away from sandbag rest and offhand. In all, some 5,000 shots were alternately slow and fast fired in the testing



An old favorite, the Remington Model 572 .22 caliber rifle is now available in "Crow-wing" black and "Buckskin" tan, with contrasting wood parts and applied decoration.

of the new, lightweight 572.

Cartridge feeding proved positive and easy—whether magazine-loaded or fed directly into the chamber as single shots. Operated as a repeater, from a magazine loaded with a deliberate mixture of .22 long rifle, .22 long and .22 short cartridge sizes, the gun's mechanism functioned without a bobble.

The light, four pound version proved to be surprisingly steady when fired offhand, and sandbag accuracy tests proved it the equal of the 5½ lb., all-steel model.

The informal target "plinker" and the squirrel shooter will find that the color version 572's will have the same feel as the familiar all-steel model, stock length and other measurements being identical. Reduced total gun weight is sure to be appreciated by hunters accustomed to carrying a 5½ lb., or heavier, rifle all day long.

Also sure to be liked by users of the color models is the rustless, practically scratchproof finish created by Remington's oxidizing of exterior metal surfaces, to chemically develop the striking black and tan colorations. Encountered wet hunting weather, moisture from sweaty hands and outright, long neglect will not result in rusting of exterior surfaces, and, since non-corrosive ammunition and housed lubrication will take care of rifle bore and inner mechanical parts, these new, colorful Remingtons come pretty close to being desirably rustproof rifles.

It is my opinion that Remington should change the color of the bright chrome rear sight, the gold front sight (at least in respect to its dovetailed base) and the shiny aluminum color magazine loading tube. The rear sight's present color cheapens the general appearance of both the "Crow-wing" black and "Buckskin" tan models, and there is too much light distraction to the shooter's aiming eye from shiny rear and front sight surfaces. Rear sight and magazine loading tube could very well be matching black or tan; the gold bead idea for the front sight should apply to the bead portion of the sight only and not base and bead, as at present.

Although furnished with adjustable, elevation-step style open rear sight and bead front sight, the color model 572's also have grooved receivers to accommodate "tip off" type telescope mounts.

Receiver peep sights, like the Redfield 70 and 80 series, the Williams 5D-572 and Lyman 66, can be fitted to receivers and either used in combination with the present front sight or, preferably, with a substituted Redfield "Sourdough" front sight.

Changeover to scope sight or peep style rear sight is recommended, for enjoyment of the 572's full accuracy potential—no gun being better than its sights.

Firearms with metal parts finished in color, and stocks of yellow, pink or red, are certain to have tremendous sales appeal to women shooters and to youngsters acquiring their first gun. When color schemes are conservatively carried out, or held in reasonable check, there is no reason why guns in color should not be popular with oldtimers, too; the difficult part is accept the fact that, even in guns, long loved in their original forms, changes in form and color are inevitable.

There'll be more guns in color, that's for sure. ●

THE NIGHT THE CATS WENT CRAZY

(Continued from Page 25)

face of the slow flowing river. Although we cast various sizes and styles of surface plugs, sinking plugs, and spoons for another hour, not a single strike did either of us have.

Sitting around in the kitchen later on in the evening, friend Lloyd explained that local trot line fishermen often float their baited hooks as near to the surface as possible since the channel catfish, most valuable of the commercially-sought species abandons his daytime bottom hugging tendencies during the hours of darkness, at least during the cooler months. Furthermore, during the spring, numbers of young shad from three to six inches in length are drawn through the wheels of the power dam upriver from his place. Many of these small fish are injured and thrash about on the surface, a perfect mark for any predatory fish seeking an easy meal. It seemed at least plausible that our plugs had been mistaken for crippled shad.

Pursuing the idea further, we opened several of the cats and found their stomachs packed with small shad. During the hot weather when we do most of our fishing for bass at night, the shad are all but absent from this portion of the river, which could account for our failure to take channels on plugs with any degree of regularity. According to the researchers, crayfish, are the most important food item of the forktails during the warm months hence, even during the hours of darkness they would be feeding on the bottom at this season.

That *could* be the logical explanation. We are waiting anxiously for another opportunity to explore further this catfish-on-a-plug deal. Until such time that we are able to build up evidence to the contrary, we will just keep referring to that March evening on the Ochlockonee as "the night the cats went crazy." ●

SUPER INSECTICIDES

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conducted toxicity bio-assays of such run-off waters in 1956. They concluded that "run-off from an area extensively treated with Dieldrin would adversely affect fish life."

Nevertheless, the Department of Agriculture is ready to unleash one or more of the deadliest insecticides in its arsenal—Dieldrin, Heptachlor, etc.—in an attempt to halt the march of the fire ant. Implications are the more tragic in the event, entirely possible, that the eradication method chosen should fail.

We wonder, consequently, whether present plans are entirely responsible in concept? Doubt on the point is increased because the program has apparently been developed without due consideration to probable harm to fish and wildlife resources. The price of past laxities in pest control work apparently comes high.

But we doubt if 25 million sportsmen, especially the 5 millions in the South (about 20 percent of the population) directly affected, will stand by dumbly like stupid sheep. The sporting public is too well aware of past examples of damage to fish and wildlife resources from poor planning to take current propaganda on faith.

A carefully-formulated program would be predicated on sound, balanced biological research, proper eradication principles, and tight operational control. Such a program would safeguard vital fish, game, songbirds, and beneficial insects. It would also find wide-spread support rather than opposition.

There must be decided improvement in methods. Ironclad safeguards are needed to prevent fearsome pollution of water and land habitat and to protect sport fishing in particular. Nationally, the sport fisheries support a $2 billions sport fishing industry. Well over $500 millions of this are generated in the threatened states.

Angling has an economic value now being threatened on a par with many of the agricultural commodities that the fire ant program seeks, perhaps in vain, to protect. When Dieldrin or any similar poison drifts or drains "by mistake" into fishing waters, we will find that dead fish are a very poor trade for dead ants. (To say nothing of probable effects on songbirds, game, beneficial insects, soil bacteria, etc!)

For example, recreational fishing in Tennessee generates $41 millions in business annually. This is close behind dairying at $68 millions or tobacco production at $63 millions.

In Texas, anglers spend $122 millions out fishing each year. Alabama citizens spend $36 millions a year—well ahead of hogs, dairy products, eggs, forest products, peanuts, or cotton seed. Annual purchases by anglers pump about $300 millions into Florida's economy. It would seem incredible—except for the contrary evidence—that such values would be jeopardized by deliberate, wholesale pollution of vital resources under the banner of a great federal agency. . .

We submit that a little knowledge *is* a dangerous thing. What the Department of Agriculture does *not* seem to know is what may really hurt America.

If the fire ant control project proceeds as planned much of the Nation's irreplaceable recreational fish and wildlife resources may be damaged beyond repair. Even worse, it might provide the spark to ignite new and terrifying population explosions throughout the insect world.

This dire prediction was made by three Harvard University biologists. They warned that "final results might well be the emergence of new insect pests once they have been freed from the natural enemies that held them in check." These men (W. L. Brown, H. W. Levi, and E. O. Wilson) are specialists in various aspects involved.

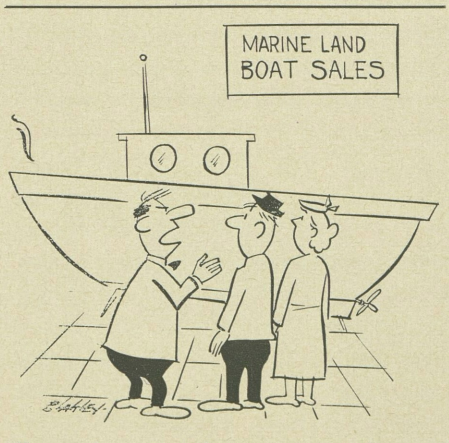
The key question is, do we have the knowledge to achieve effective control of the fire ant, yet prevent wholesale disturbance of Nature's system at the same time? And where is the proof that fish and other forms of wildlife will be unharmed?

It is high time, in our opinion, that the Nation's 25 million citizen anglers and the $2 billions sport fishing industry should receive consideration in plans of this dimension and consequence. Further, we suspect the day is long gone when the vast army of voting outdoor recreationists of *all* sorts—at least 50 millions strong—will tolerate mistreatment of living resources!

Indeed, this entire problem of super-pollution by space-age chemicals and radioactive wastes needs to be brought into proper focus very soon. Only a broad-scale biological research program can meet the urgent needs of the day. The chief threat to survival of our society lies within, not outside our borders. The real enemy is the fifth column of intellectual mediocrity.

We believe that the key role of the *biological scientists* must become recognized and encouraged at the outset of the space age. Otherwise our Nation may become so polluted by poisonous compounds discovered by *chemical scientists* that whole regions may become uninhabitable.

In that event, there will be little left to protect with the missiles and rockets being developed by *physical scientists and engineers* . . . ●



"Happy hours on the water, sun, fun and health! Are you going to overlook all that just because you can't afford it?"

FLORIDA WILDLIFE FIELD TESTS AND TELLS

Every now and then FWFT&T runs across a product of such convenience and versatility that wonderment develops as to how it can be made to serve so many uses, and how in the world active outdoorsmen ever got along without it.

Bondo, a non-toxic plastic filler for any repair or bonding job involving a cold solder or iron-like cement, is of that category. FWFT&T can only sing its praises.

The glass-like plastic putty has all the advantages of solder and the "cold solders" without their disadvantages. It spreads on like butter but hardens like iron and will never rust, rot, corrode, shrink, dry out or mildew or blister. Once properly applied and allowed to harden for a minimum of half an hour's time, Bondo is unaffected by rain, sun, gasoline, chemicals, acids, alkalies and salt water. The plastic repair paste, therefore, is ideal for repairing all kinds of holes, dents and breaks in automobile bodies and boats needing metal repairs or fiberglass patchin.

Unlike some liquid metals and cold solders, Bondo does not have to be applied in successive layers, nor does one have to wait for a solvent to evaporate before Bondo begins to harden. Once a single ingredient is added to the factory-prepared Bondo paste, nothing can stop the hardening process. Amazingly, Bondo will harden under water, under gasoline or amid strong chemical vapor fumes, the chemical reaction to the added ingredient being self-contained.

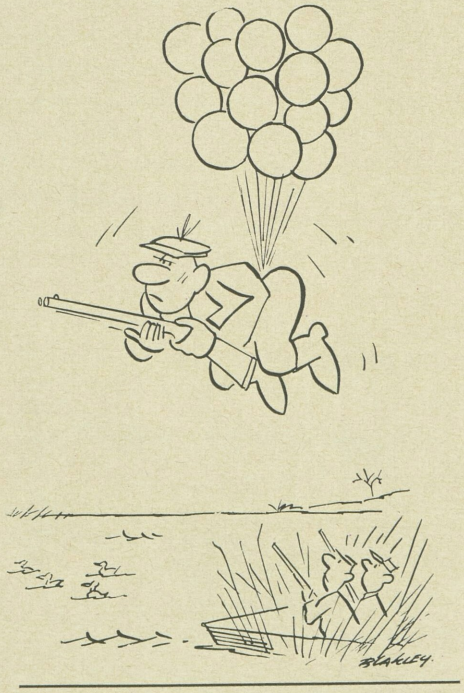
Using Bondo, you can repair a hole in metal, sand the job to a feather edge, paint the spot and defy anyone to detect where the original metal ends and the Bondo-applied repair begins. Used as an automobile body repair filler, Bondo will not later shrink or fall out.

FWFT&T uses Bondo to attach telescopic and peep receiver sight bases permanently to guns, to make car body repairs, give new life to gasoline lanterns and other camping equipment, repair various small metal objects around the home, patch metal and fiberglass boats and gas tanks and for a dozen other practical uses.

One 3-pound can of Bondo is evidently the equivalent in filling power to approximately 19 pounds of solder. Since there is no solvent to evaporate, the preparation will not harden in the can during long periods of idleness.

Made by Jaycee Chemical Corp., Northford, Connecticut; distributed in Florida by Automotive Supply Company, 129 Ninth Street, North, St. Petersburg, in various size cans and a ladder-scale of prices.

Beyond a doubt, wild game, subjected to increased hunting pressure by additional thousands of licensed hunters each season, who use modern firearms and accessories, is getting smarter and more difficult to bag than was true even so recently as a decade ago! Also, the crow and varmint shooter must now apply the art of camouflage if he is to continue to get killing shots.



Successful hunters realize the value of camouflage of their persons and equipment. The lightweight, cotton camouflage suits given illustrated write-up in FWFT&T in the Spring of 1957 enjoyed a high peak of national popularity among both bowmen and gun hunters during the Fall-Winter hunting season of 1957-58.

But many duck hunters, particularly, expressed a desire for camouflage clothing made of waterproof fabric.

To meet the national demand, Hodgman Rubber Company, Framingham, Massachusetts, a leading brand name in the manufacture of waterproof clothing, is now marketing a truly waterproof camouflage pattern hunting parka, ideally suited to duck hunting and wet weather bowhunting. The Hodgman parka is one item of clothing that should be acquired for the coming season.

Made in ¾ length style with flannel lined hood, the new Hodgman garment has a layer of rubber sandwiched between two layers of extremely durable camouflage cloth that is spotted with various shades of brown to blend the wearer into natural backgrounds.

All seams are waterproofed and the zipper-neck opening is backed by a gusset for extra waterproof protection. Sleeves have adjustable snap fasteners at wrists and the parka's hood has a drawstring for snug face and neck fit.

Other features of the Hodgman camouflage cloth hunting parka include two deep, roomy pockets for shells and Raglan style shoulders, full cut for freedom of movement.

Actually, the new garment, given catalog listing number 146 by Hodgman, is almost identical in style and features as Hodgman's long popular dead grass color duck hunting parka—the camouflage cloth design being the main basis for distinction between the two. The price of the new camouflage model is a dollar more than the $16.50 price tag on the plain dead grass color catalog listing.

Available in small, medium, large, extra large and extra-extra large, with all sizes being tailored roomy enough to wear over regular clothing.

Distributed to retail dealers in Florida by T. K. Newell Company, 615 S. W. 2nd Avenue, Miami. If you cannot find the new Hodgman-labeled garment in your local sporting goods store, write the Miami-based distributor for your nearest retail source.

FWFT&T hopes that the Hodgman Rubber Company will next add a line of matching hunting pants, to give wet-weather hunters the opportunity to purchase a completely waterproof and heavier camouflaged hunting outfit for those cold, wet hunting days that are a part of every season.

RAISING NUTRIAS

(Continued from Page 15)

has been bringing for the past twenty years on an average will not permit a person to raise them, in our opinion, and make a profit. We would, therefore, suggest unless you have already ventured in the nutria business that you do not take the step."

New York Market

The Hudson's Bay Company does not accept consignments of ranch-raised nutria pelts, as this article has been in limited demand and sufficient quantities have not arrived in the New York market on which to base prices. It does not know of any ranch-raised nutria pelts selling for as much as $30 to $40 each. It advises that local dealers in New York have been receiving extremely small quantities, less than 500 pelts. The best quality of wild domestic nutria furs, it states, "sells for around $3 each." It also states:

"There are no ranch-raised mutation nutrias being marketed; dealers report they have wild ones dyed in various shades for $2.00 each. With the rapidly increasing quantities of wild nutria pelts being trapped in Louisiana each season according to the Louisiana Fur and Refuge Division, at the present time we can see no possible large profits in ranch-raised nutria from a raw pelt standpoint."

Emanuel Steinberg, President of Steinberg and Company, with raw fur receiving houses in New Orleans and New York, has advised NBBB that:

"—the demand for nutria has not improved. Sales of this article have been very slow and to be very specific we were only able to sell some of the lower grades. Unfortunately, we are still carrying large quantities of nutria here and abroad. We are of the opinion that some of the other fur collectors and dealers are carrying some sizable quantities also.

"We do not hesitate to say that the raising of nutria will be absolutely unprofitable as the demand is not sufficient to absorb the quantities now being trapped in the State of Louisiana and with nutria spreading to other states there will be a continued increase in the catch.

"This item cannot be promoted in the states as the cost of dressing is too expensive."

Demand Lacking

After making a comprehensive study of the nutria business, Marshall Reinig, Editor of the American Fur Breeder, advised his readers as follows in August 1956:

"Our investigation among nutria raisers and sellers, auction company officials and others in the fur trade leads us to the conclusion that these people now raising and selling nutria are much like those raising chinchillas. In each group there are a number of obviously honest and good-intentioned people, and in each group also are a bunch of promoters who are not concerned in any way with the ultimate destiny of the pelts involved but merely employ one fur-bearing animal or another as a convenient vehicle with which to work their confidence game.

"Among nutria raisers, just as among chinchilla raisers, even the well-intentioned ones in each group have no real evidence that there is a natural demand for their product that will ultimately provide a market that will make their raising profitable. The honest people involved with each animal can hope that the ultimate results will be favorable. Many of them fully think that they will be. But the promoters neither hope for nor expect good pelt returns. They don't care. They are interested only in the sale of livestock at exorbitant prices, permitting fast and immediate returns to themselves."

"Booms" and "Busts"

Frank G. Ashbrook, former Chief of Section of Wild Fur Animal Investigations, Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and fur industry "Man of the Year" in 1953, sums up the situation in this manner:

"The epidemic of 'booms' and 'busts' has been breaking out ever since fur farming began and still persists; silver foxes, muskrats, minks, chinchillas, and nutrias have all experienced a series of these outbreaks. Through the years some legal action has been taken against the unscrupulous promoters of fur animals, and in some cases the fakers have been restrained by court order from staying in business. But by and large they have continued to flourish. Just so long as people are gullible and willing to be victimized, fur farming rackets will continue. It is an appalling fact that in spite of the many years of study, research, and promotion of legitimate fur animal production and utilization of furs, this get-rich-quick skin game can be perpetrated on the American public. Must history always repeat itself?"

Nutria never has been a rare or precious fur, as the promoters claim. This fur was first used to make felt hats and later for making fur garments. Only now because of unfavorable economic conditions, the price of nutria garments has risen to the luxury class, but the consumer is not buying nutria at these higher prices. Ever though nutria furs from the wild are plentiful, nutria apparel is a luxury most consumers cannot afford. Furthermore,

the consumption of nutria fur is, of course, greatly dependent on an increasing style acceptance of nutria fur. This element adds a strongly speculative flavor to nutria production in all its facets.

No nutria pelts produced in captivity are available in commercial quantities in the principal outlets for such furs, namely, raw fur receiving houses and fur auction sales. There are, however, plenty of wild-caught skins in the market that come from the Gulf Coast marshes of the United States and the swamp lake areas in South America. But as previously stated, the majority of these raw furs (domestic and imported) are being exported to the European fur markets. For the most part, the few nutria furs being consumed in the United States are low-grade skins used principally for linings in cloth coats.

The prevailing prices being paid in the New York market for wild South American raw pelts are from $5.00 to $7.00 each for top-quality skins 26 to 36 inches and longer. Nutria skins from Louisiana and Texas are bringing $2.50 to $3.00 each for the best grades, but the trappers are receiving, from itinerant fur buyers, $0.50 to $2.00 each. Under present conditions there is little or no profit for the trapper to ply his trade if the nutria skins he sells do not average $2.00 or more per pelt. As a result, many trappers are leaving the marshes.

Let us assume that the raw nutria furs are given to the manufacturer and that he pays nothing for them. The average cost for processing (plucking and dressing) the raw skins is $1.85 per skin. However, 30 to 40 percent of the skins are not suitable for coats but must be used for trimmings and linings; therefore, the adjusted cost of the useable skin is $2.50 to $3.00.

The average coat made of 26-inch nutria pelts requires 35 to 40 skins. The **processing** of 40 skins on the adjusted basis of $3.00 per skin is $120.-00. The manufacturer's approximate cost of making the coat would be $385.00, giving a total of $505.00. Remember, no charge is included in this sum for the raw skins, or for the manufacturer's or retailer's mark-up. When these costs are added, the retail price of a garment would almost equal the retail price of a mink coat, which is far more preferable. It is mainly for this reason that nutria coats do not attract women buyers.

Thus, the present situation is not caused by the raw fur prices, but is due primarily to the processing and manufacturing costs. Until these costs are reduced, there would appear to be little possibility of an increase in the prices paid for raw nutria pelts and an increase in the volume of nutria fur business in this country.

Future Prices

There is still no evidence to prove that (1) there is a natural demand for ranch-raised nutria fur, and (2) it is profitable to raise nutrias for the fur produced. Anyone considering raising nutria should realize that there must first be a sound commodity for which a market is available, and second, this commodity must be produced profitably.

It is not possible to predict the future consumer demand for nutria fur produced in pens or, therefore, demand by the fur trade. This will depend upon the acceptance of nutria by the fashion world and the public, and the supply of commercially acceptable pelts.

Having produced quality animals as claimed, the breeders must pelt some and offer them for sale if public acceptance of this fur is to be developed. They must determine the channels through which they can market their pelts — through co-operatives or associations, auction companies, or direct by private treaty with raw fur dealers or manufacturers. So far no ranch-raised nutria pelts have been offered in commercial quantities to the raw fur trade. Some 500 such pelts were processed in the New York area and two or three coats were made of these skins, but no sales have been consummated, and the manufacturer has returned the remainder of the processed skins to the owner. ●

JR. CONSERVATIONIST

(Continued from Page 9)

of the old benches have been installed around trees for the campers' convenience. Night stands for the cabins have been built to hold toothbrushes, soap, etc.,—yes, improvements are being made all around the camp. Oh, we can't leave out the new cook's table and chopping block. It's a big improvement to our kitchen.

Applications have been mailed to all who attended last summer's encampment at the Youth Conservation Camp. If for some reason you didn't receive an application, please sit down and drop a note to 205 West Adams Street in Ocala. Send in your application just as soon as possible. Remember we only have room for 125 campers a week. Don't wait until it's too late.

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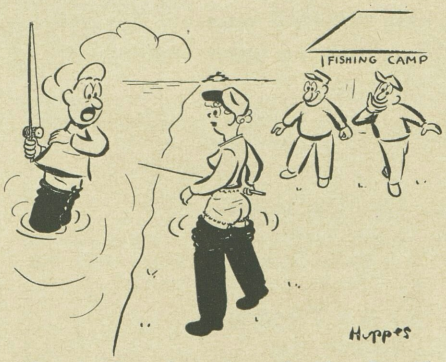

"I'm afraid you haven't got the idea, Dear!"

Several additions have been made to the Merit Point System Projects. These were approved by the Board at its last meeting. They are as follows: "May be repeated once a month" has been added to F-6 (An oral report before a class or club on wildlife or on a nature story.) "Limit one essay a year" has been added to F-12 (Write a 1,500 word history of conservation in own community.) This history of conservation should include all resources — human, soil, forest, water, wildlife, and mineral. "May be repeated once a month" has been added to F-13 (Make a

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talk before the class or club group on either one of the following subjects: What is conservation? Why Conservation Rules?). "May be repeated once a year" has been added to F39 (Plant trees and/or shrubs which may be obtained locally — Forest Service, Garden Clubs, etc.—. These plantings are to be for reforestation and/or wildlife and are to be protected from fire and grazing.). "The Conservation Wheel" replaces the CLAW Bulletin in F-45. "May be repeated once a month" has been added to F-82 (Make a talk before a class or club on either one or both of the following subjects: Why Youth Conservation Education? What Is The Junior Conservation Club League). Additional ranks have been added to F-96 — Ranger, 10,000 points; Forester, 30,000 points; Chief Ranger, 45,000 points; Chief Forester, 60,000 points; Jr. Conservationist, 75,000 points; Jr. Wildlife Officer, 100,000 points. Points earned in Merit Point System for attaining these ranks: Ranger—1,000; Forester—2,000; Chief Ranger —3,000 points; Chief Forester — 4,000 points; Jr. Conservationist—5,000 points; Jr. Wildlife Officer—6,000.

If your club needs Secretary Report forms, Bulletin forms, literature, or any materials, address your request to 205 West Adams Street in Ocala. ●

THE MAGIC OF PORK RIND

(Continued from Page 17)

I also use a small rind trailer on a fly-rod spoon for crappies, and frequently even put a tiny strip on a fly when after bluegills. Rinds come in various commercial sizes, from tissue-paper-thin fly-rod strips to the long, heavy cuts for use with casting spoons.

While fishing check your lure between casts to see that the rind hasn't fouled on the hook point. If so, you won't be able to hook a fish should one strike.

Unless you're fishing a fly-rod outfit, you'll need to add a little weight to this spinner-rind combo to get distance on the cast. Rather than an ordinary pinch-on sinker, add a keel or some other off-center sinker. This prevents the revolving spinner from twisting your line. Not evn the best swivel made can turn as easily as a wet line, and the addition of a keel eliminates kinks.

Coloring of the keel also adds an attraction to the lure. My favorites are red and black.

Many anglers feel that a long pork strip will cause bass to strike short, but actually this isn't the case. When fishing a lengthy strip, you'll frequently feel something hitting it and of course you'll imagine it to be bass. Usually what you feel will be bluegills and crappie tapping the trailing strip, or maybe small bass. A striking bigmouth with its tremendous jaws can easily engulf the entire rig, no matter how large it may be.

If ever in doubt, you can prove for yourself by attaching a tail hook to the strip. Some strips come with a hook attached. If you have no such strips, you can insert a No. 10 tail hook by cutting two small holes about halfway back in the rind and tying the hook eye between them.

Of course you'll sacrifice rind action with the addition of a tail hook, but you might catch some of the smaller fish that are prone to hit short. Sometimes you might get a really big fish on that small hook and that's when you'll be able to judge whether you are a good angler or not. The slightest unnecessary pressure will rip the hook free or straighten it out. But I have seen large bass up to eight and nine pounds caught on a tiny perch-size tail hook.

An artificial bass lure that's really booming in popularity is the jig or leadhead, as it is often called. This common salt-water bait has been adapted to fresh-water fishing, and it has proved to be deadly on bass. An ordinary jig is good, but the addition of a small strip of rind seems to make it twice as effective. This lure is fished slowly along the bottom, letting it wither over obstructions, or in short jerks, allowing it to rise and settle back to bottom. It is on the downward flutter when a bass normally strikes.

Pork rind also is a blue-ribbon producer when fished with a trolled lure, especially one of those spinner-type bucktail baits. The enticing wiggle of rind almost makes the lure appear alive.

There is almost no end to the innumerable ways a piece of pork rind can come in handy on a fishing jaunt. A jar full is nice insurance. No matter what you are fishing for—bass, bream or crappie—the pork rind can put more fish on your stringer. So if it is one of those nerve-racking days when nothing seems to work, add a piece of pork rind to your pet lure and watch it work magic. ●

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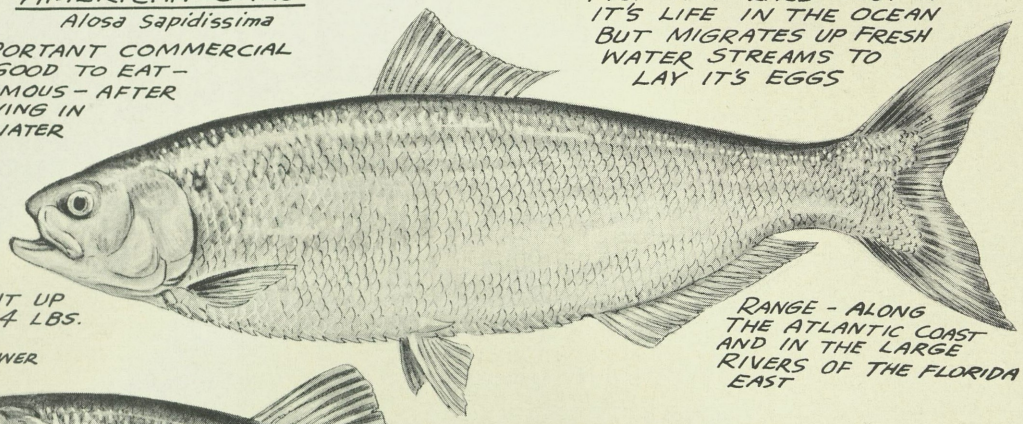
FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S SCRAPBOOK

AMERICAN SHAD

Alosa Sapidissima

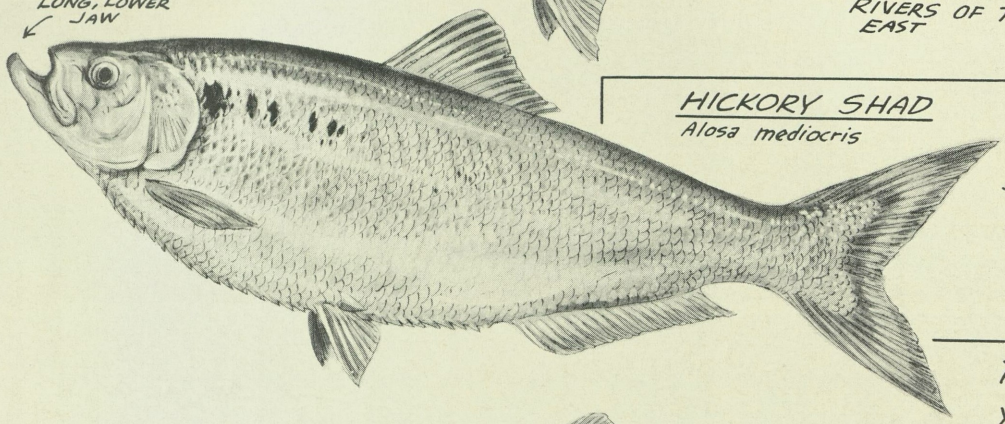
AN IMPORTANT COMMERCIAL FISH - GOOD TO EAT - ANADROMOUS - AFTER EGG LAYING IN FRESH WATER CAN BE CAUGHT ON A FLYROD - SIZE TO 2½ FT. LONG — WEIGHT UP TO 4 LBS.

ANADROMOUS — NAME FOR A FISH THAT LIVES MOST OF IT'S LIFE IN THE OCEAN BUT MIGRATES UP FRESH WATER STREAMS TO LAY IT'S EGGS



RANGE - ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST AND IN THE LARGE RIVERS OF THE FLORIDA EAST

LONG, LOWER JAW



HICKORY SHAD

Alosa mediocris

ANADROMOUS - EDIBLE - SIZE TO 2 FT. LONG - WEIGHT TO 3 LBS. USUALLY 1-2

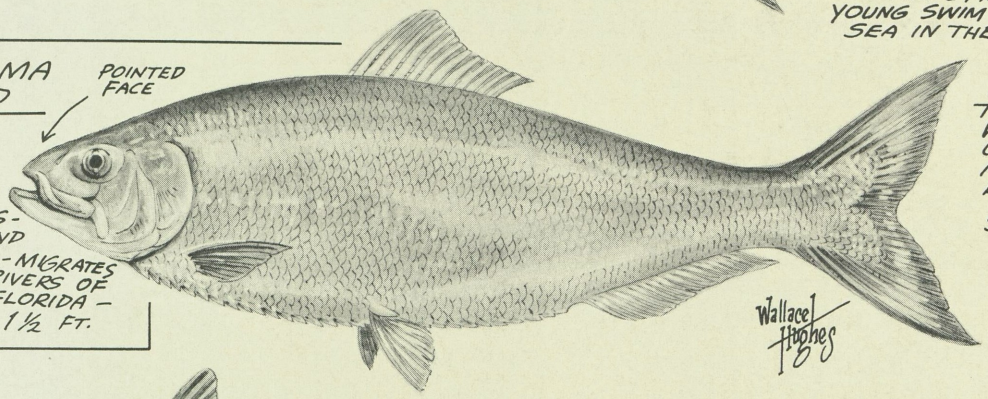
RANGE - EAST COAST AND RIVERS EMPTYING INTO THE OCEAN

SHAD MIGRATE TO FRESH-WATER EARLY IN THE SPRING - YOUNG SWIM TO THE SEA IN THE FALL AND DO NOT RETURN TO FRESH WATER UNTIL MATURE ENOUGH TO SPAWN

ALABAMA SHAD

Alosa alabamae

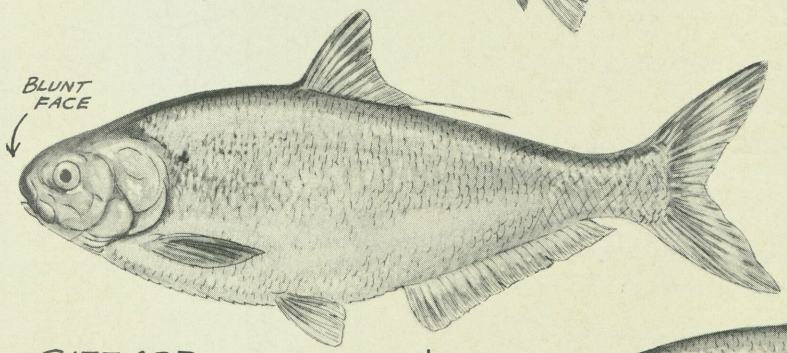
POINTED FACE



ANADROMOUS - EDIBLE - FOUND IN THE GULF - MIGRATES UP LARGE RIVERS OF WESTERN FLORIDA - SIZE TO 1½ FT.

Wallace Hughes '80

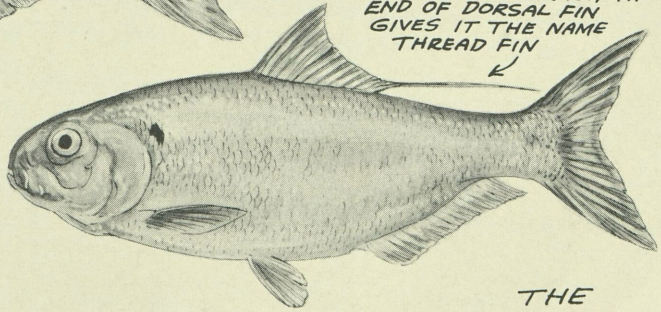
BLUNT FACE



THREADFIN SHAD

Dorosoma pentenense

FOUND IN THE LARGE LAKES AND STREAMS OF THE STATE - SIZE UP TO 8 INCHES IN LENGTH - USUALLY SMALLER - LONG STREAMER-RAY AT END OF DORSAL FIN GIVES IT THE NAME THREAD FIN



GIZZARD SHAD

Dorosoma cepedianum

INHABITS FRESH WATER LAKES AND THE RIVERS THRUOUT FLORIDA - NOT EDIBLE - WHEN SMALL SERVE AS FOOD FOR GAME FISHES - SOMETIMES OVERPOPULATE CERTAIN LAKES - MAKING FISH MANAGEMENT CONTROL WORK NECESSARY - GROW TO A LENGTH OF 15 INCHES

THE SHAD

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